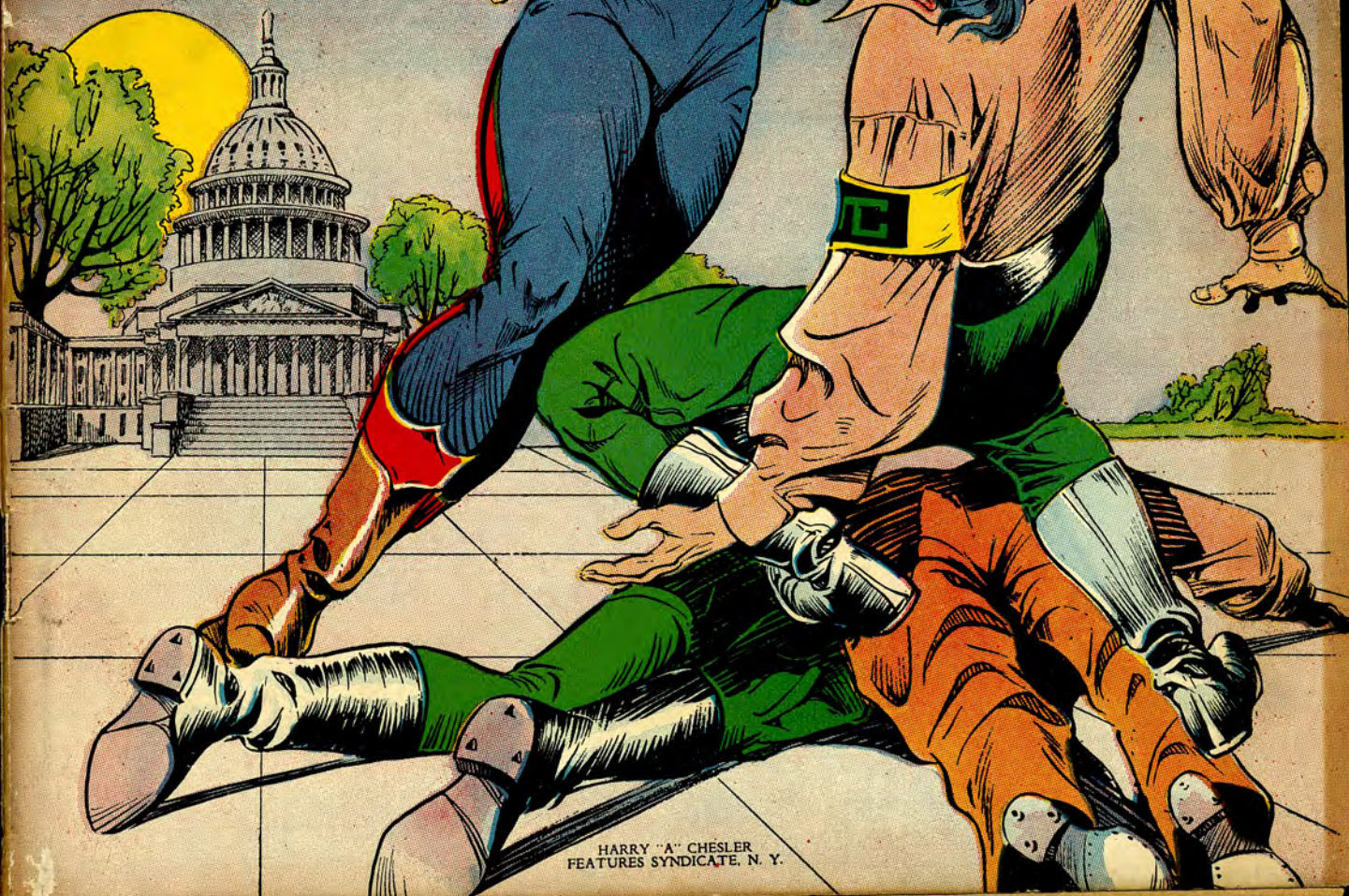


DYNAMIC COMICS

OCT
NO. 1
10¢

FEATURING
MAJOR
VICTORY

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION
WORLD'S
GREATEST
COMICS



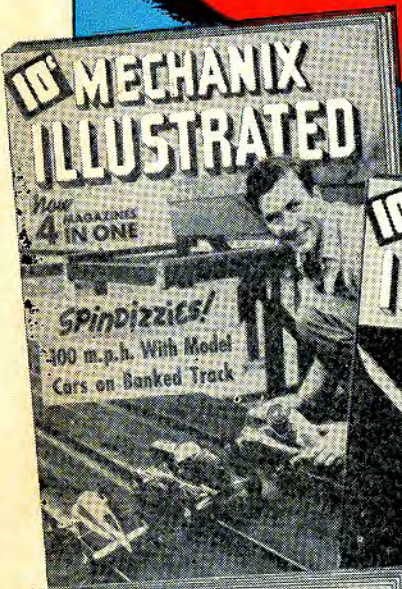
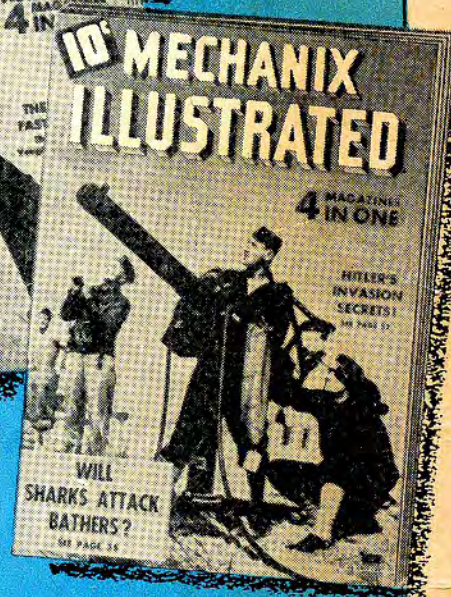
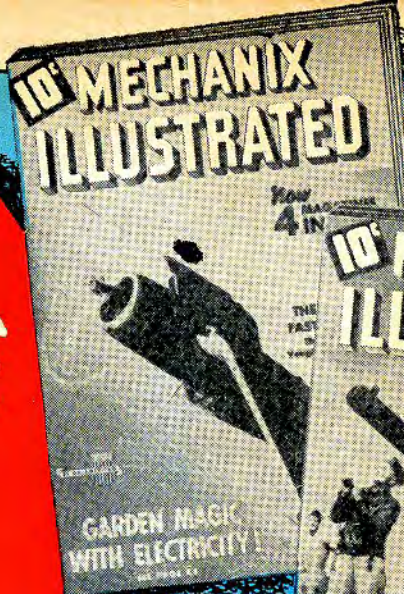
HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



**WEB COMIC
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A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE

THAT'S WHAT
MECHANIX
ILLUSTRATED
OFFERS EVERY
LIVE-WIRE BOY



YES, SIR! You'll find *Mechanix Illustrated* packed with thrills and surprises from cover to cover! Here's a magazine that all live-wire boys go for. It's full of interesting stories and swell pictures about adventure, science, invention and dozens of other exciting subjects. And it's only 10 cents!

Mechanix Illustrated tells you how to build things, too. Every issue contains complete plans and simple instructions for building model planes, boats, and all sorts of projects of special interest to boys. Anybody who likes to handle tools will find the pages of *Mechanix Illustrated* full of entertaining and valuable suggestions. Get your copy of *Mechanix Illustrated* today!

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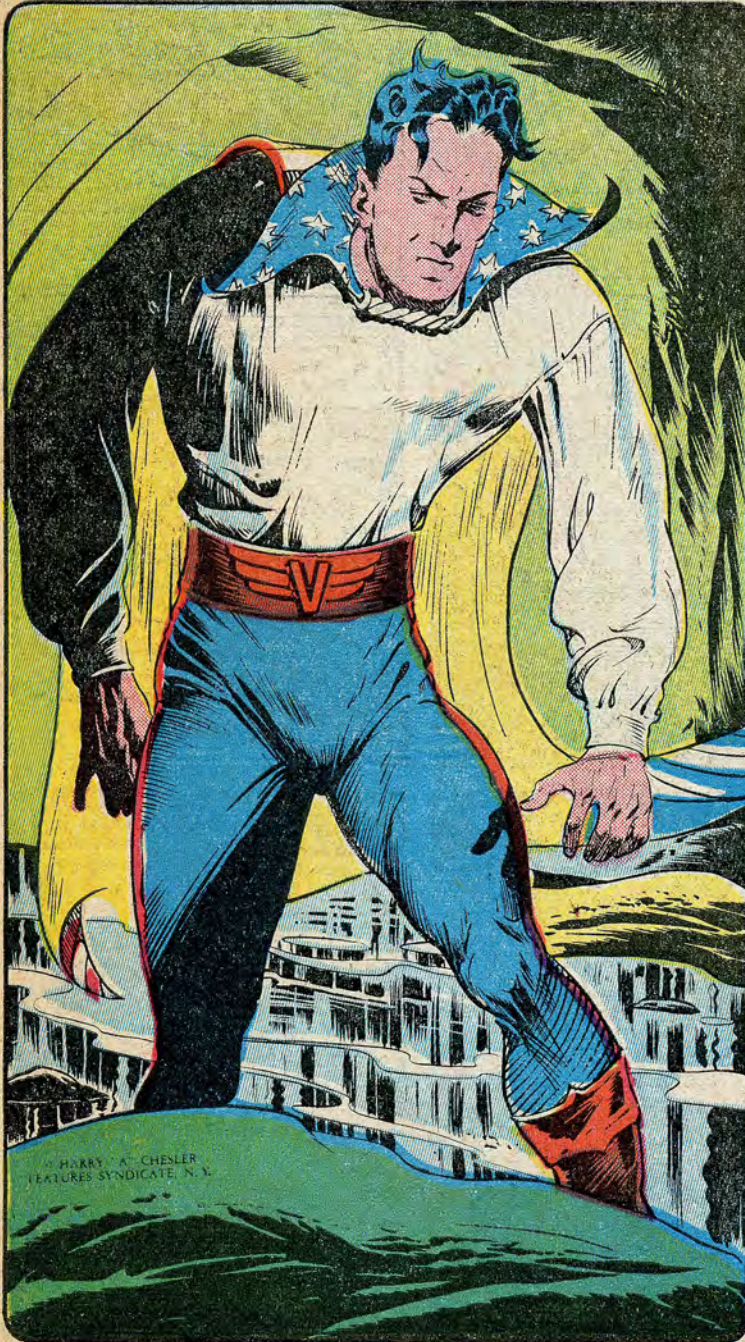
INVENTION: Strange and wonderful inventions are being created all the time. *Mechanix Illustrated* tells you about them first, explains how they work, and keeps you in touch with new developments.

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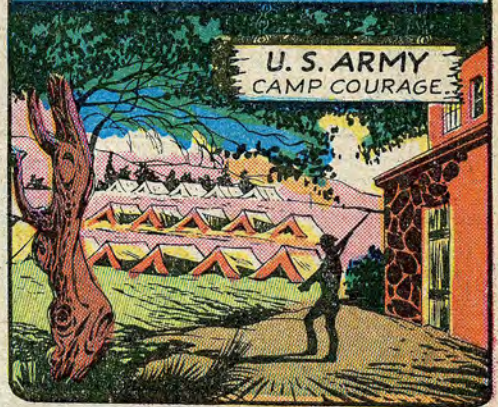
HOBBIES: The pages of *Mechanix Illustrated* are crowded with news and ideas about hobbies of all sorts from stamp collecting to boat building. Special articles and pictures for photography fans.

Major Victory

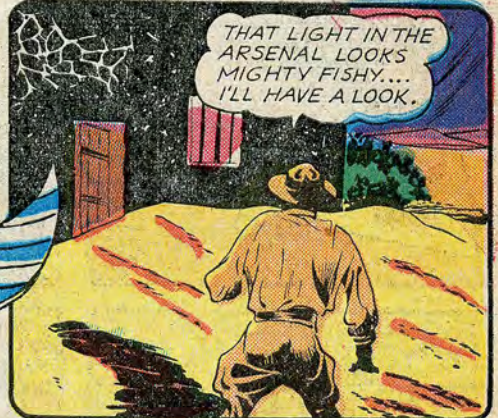


HARRY A. CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.

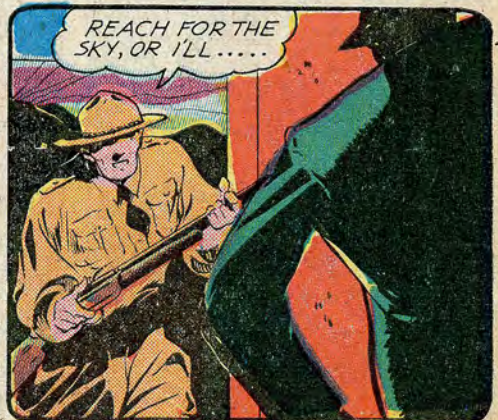
A LONE SENTRY PACES HIS POST AT CAMP COURAGE, AN EASTERN ARMY POST.

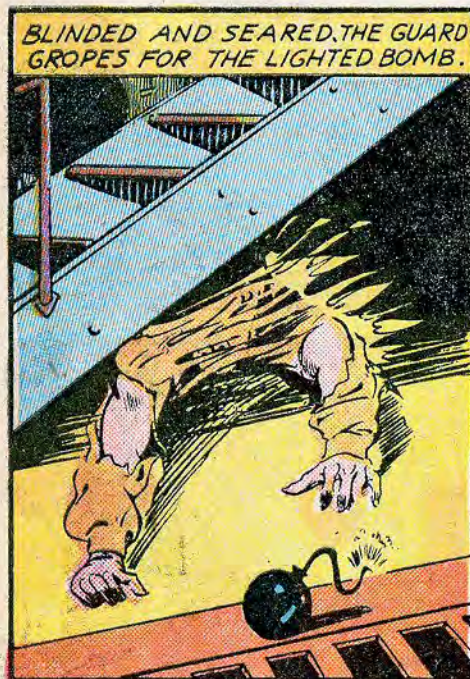
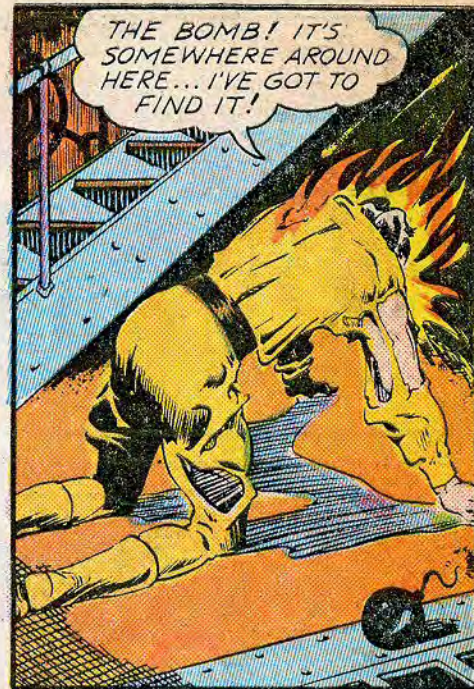


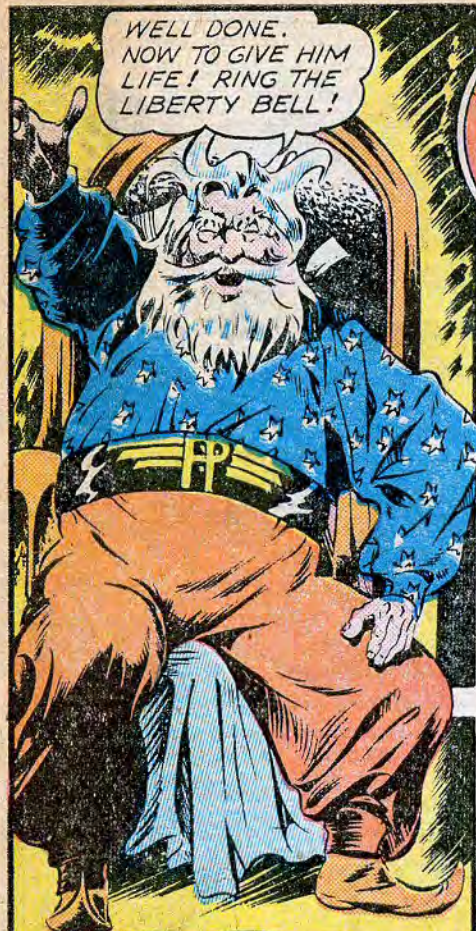
U.S. ARMY
CAMP COURAGE



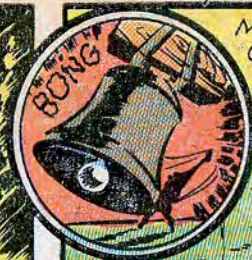
REACH FOR THE
SKY, OR I'LL.....







WELL DONE.
NOW TO GIVE HIM
LIFE! RING THE
LIBERTY BELL!



MAGICALLY, THE STROKE
OF THE BELL REVIVES
THE UNCONSCIOUS
FIGURE.

WH..WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE AM I?



WHAT IS THIS
PLACE?

I AM FATHER PATRIOT... A
SPIRIT BORN IN 1776. YOU
HAVE BEEN SPARED DEATH...
BECAUSE OF YOUR COURAGE
AND FEARLESSNESS LISTEN...



THROUGH THE YEARS MEN
HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES SO
AMERICA SHALL LIVE ON.
THEY MUST **NOT** HAVE DIED
IN VAIN.... NOR THEIR WORK
UNDONE! GET
INTO THESE!



GO FORTH, **MAJOR
VICTORY...** STRIKE AND
STRIKE HARD! WHEN
I NEED YOU I'LL STRIKE
THE BELL.. ONLY YOU
SHALL HEAR IT!



VICTORY FINDS HIMSELF ATOP
A MOUNTAIN.

A WIRELESS SHACK AND AN
AIRPLANE HANGAR.. A PERFECT
HIDEOUT! FATHER
PATRIOT THINKS OF
EVERYTHING!



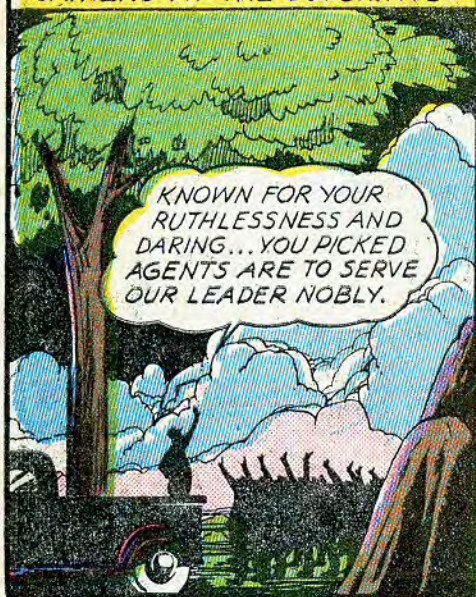
BUT, MILES AWAY FROM THE RE-
TREAT, IN THE TOWN OF ALUMINO,
NAMED AFTER THE PRECIOUS
METAL MINED THERE...



ALUKINO
KINES

A BURST OF LIGHTNING, A RUMBLE
OF THUNDER... AND MAJOR...

A SINISTER BAND HEADED BY THE NOTORIOUS BARON VON KRUMM, GATHERS AT THE OUTSKIRTS.

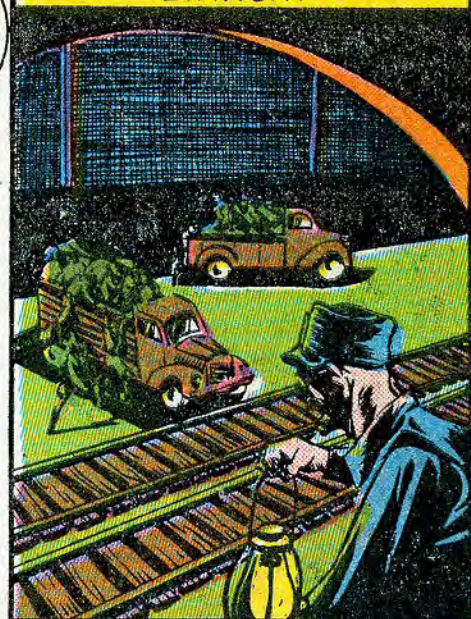


KNOWN FOR YOUR RUTHLESSNESS AND DARING... YOU PICKED AGENTS ARE TO SERVE OUR LEADER NOBLY.

AMERICAN ARMS PRODUCTION FLOWS TOO FREELY! THE MINES OF ALUMINO MUST BE DESTROYED. THE POWERHOUSE, RAILROAD AND COMMUNICATION CENTER WILL BE TAKEN OVER FIRST... THEN OUR BOMBERS WILL GO TO WORK!



THAT NIGHT AT THE RAILROAD STATION.



UGGGGHH!

THE RAILROAD STATION IS IN OUR HANDS, BARON.

KEEP ALL NEW ARRIVALS IN THE STATION. THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW ME.



THE ATTACK ON THE POWERHOUSE.

KILL THE DOGS WHO DARE TO RESIST!



WHILE INSIDE ALUMINO'S BROADCASTING STATION, A POPULAR PROGRAM IS ABOUT TO BE PUT ON THE AIR.

AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... WE ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN THIS EVENING'S PROGRAM WITH A MESSAGE FROM OUR.....



SUDDENLY...

IN THE NAME OF OUR LEADER... STRIKE DOWN THOSE WHO RESIST!



I'LL TUNE IT DOWN SO THE BROADCAST WILL ONLY BE HEARD LOCALLY.



ATTENTION... ALUMINO IS NOW IN THE HANDS OF MY MEN. I, VON KRUMM, ORDER EVERYONE TO REMAIN INDOORS AT ALL TIMES. AFTER DESTROYING THE ALUMINO MINES... YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO.....



FAR AWAY IN HIS MOUNTAIN RETREAT, MAJOR VICTORY IS TUNING IN HIS RADIO.

H'MMM LET'S SEE WHAT THIS SUPER RECEIVER CAN PICK UP!



ALUMINO CALLING AMERICA... TOWN IN THE HANDS OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS... ALUMINO MINES TO BE BLOWN-UP... CITIZENS IN DANGER....

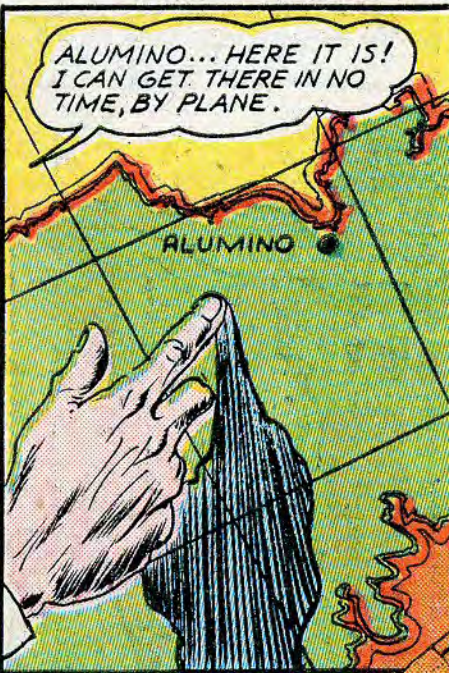
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM A HOME-MADE TRANSMITTER!



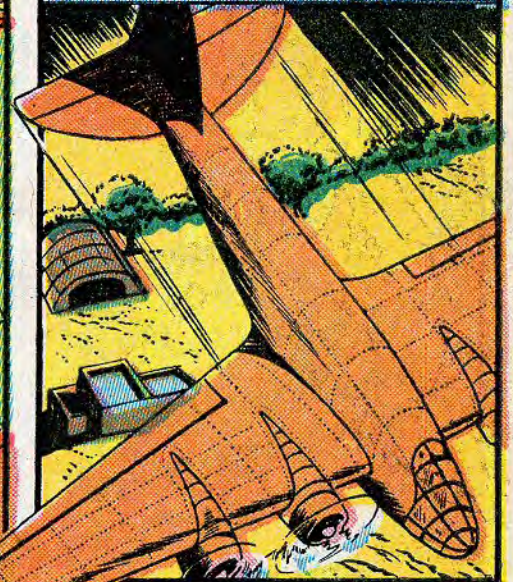
ALUMINO... THAT TOWN SHOULD BE LISTED IN ONE OF THESE MAPS.



ALUMINO... HERE IT IS! I CAN GET THERE IN NO TIME, BY PLANE.



IN HIS POWERFUL PLANE, MAJOR VICTORY TAKES OFF FOR THE TROUBLE CENTER.



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER.

H'MMM.. THIS MUST BE ALUMINO.



WHILE BELOW, ARMED AGENTS BREAK INTO A HOUSE.

ALL IS LOST... WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED! THEY'RE CALLING FOR HELP.. MACHINE GUNNERS, OPEN...

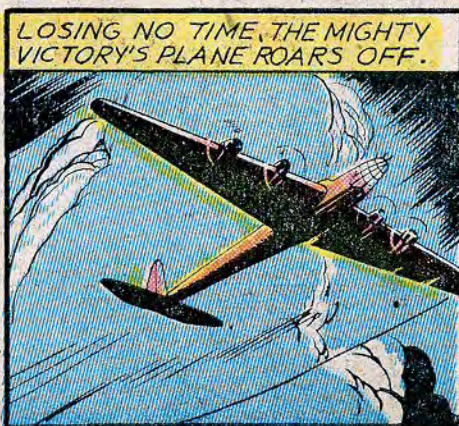
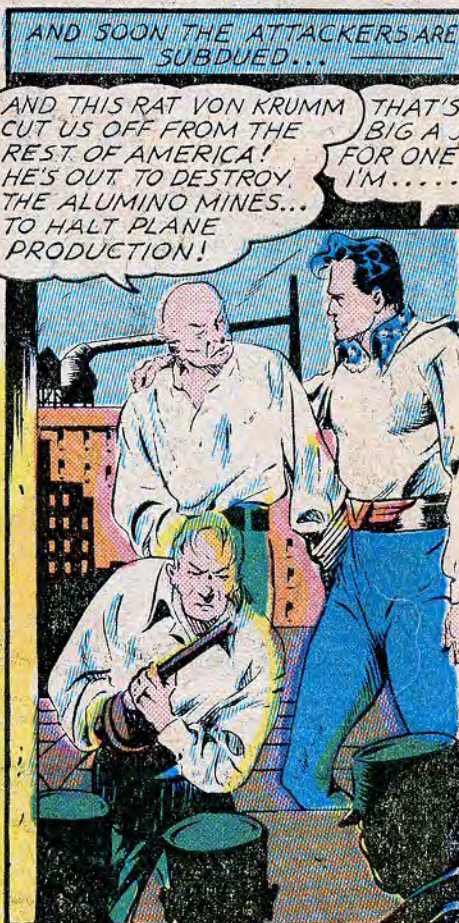
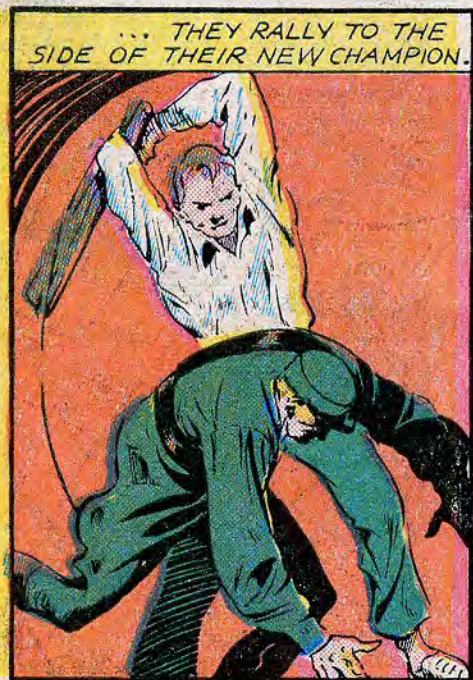


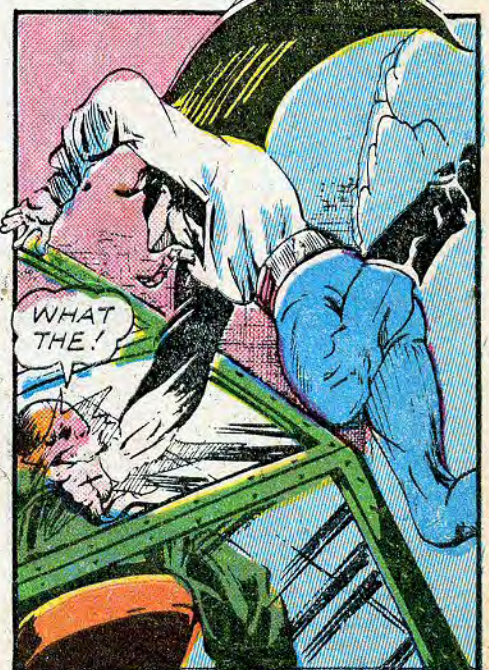
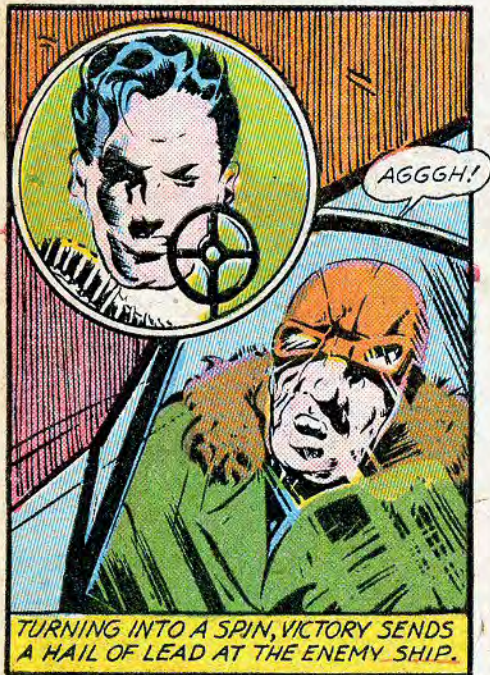
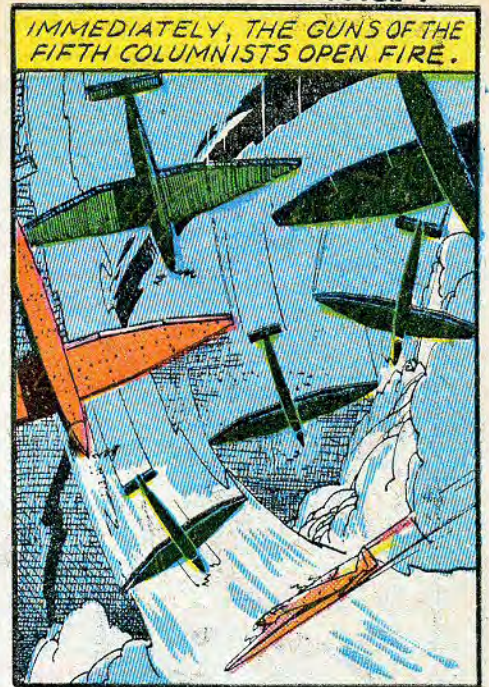
BUT SUDDENLY....

MAJOR VICTORY... OVER ALL THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA!

WHAT IS THIS?







THROWING THE ENEMY PILOT OUT...

THERE ISN'T ROOM ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!



...VICTORY GAINS CONTROL OF THE PLANE.

NOW FOR THAT PIG THEY CALL BARON VON KRUMM!



MEANWHILE VON KRUMM MAN-EUVERS HIS SHIP ON TO VICTORY'S TAIL

I'LL FINISH THAT MEDDLESOME FOOL. BARON VON KRUMM IS NEVER BEATEN!



HE'S SET MY PLANE A FIRE. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



TEARING THE MACHINE GUN FROM ITS SOCKET MAJOR VICTORY SENDS A BURST OF LEAD INTO THE BARONS SHIP.

NOW FOR YOUR MEDICINE, BARON!



AAAAAAGGGG!



MAJOR VICTORY LANDS HIS BURNING SHIP IN A NEARBY SWAMP.

THAT'S THE END OF THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS RULE IN ALUMINO!



AND I'M READY TO STRIKE HARD AT THE ENEMIES OF THE AMERICAN WAY!

WELL DONE MAJOR VICTORY... BUT OUR WORK IS ONLY BEGUN!

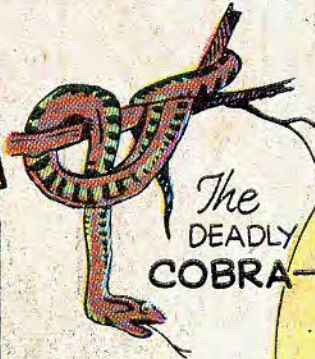


THAT'S ODD!

1st!

CALIFORNIA'S
FIRST NEWSPAPER
WAS PRINTED ON
CIGARETTE
PAPER!

CALIF.
STAR-
1846

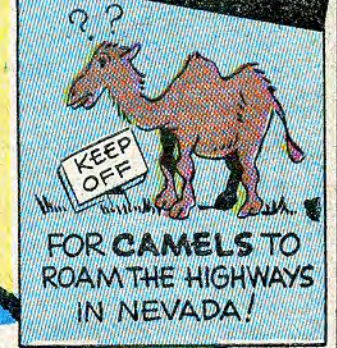
The
DEADLY
COBRA-

IS HELD SACRED
IN SOME PARTS OF

INDIA



IT'S AGIN'
THE
LAW!



FIRST

REGULAR
AIR MAIL ROUTE-
GARDEN CITY-MINEOLA
NEW YORK-6 MILES
SEPT. 1911




COLUMBUS-
NOBODY KNOWS-WHEN OR WHERE HE
WAS BORN....HIS NATIONALITY....WHEN
HE WAS MARRIED....HOW LONG HE
LIVED....WHERE HE IS BURIED!




TO KICK A MULE
IN GEORGIA!

MY! WHAT
A PRETTY
RED LIGHT!



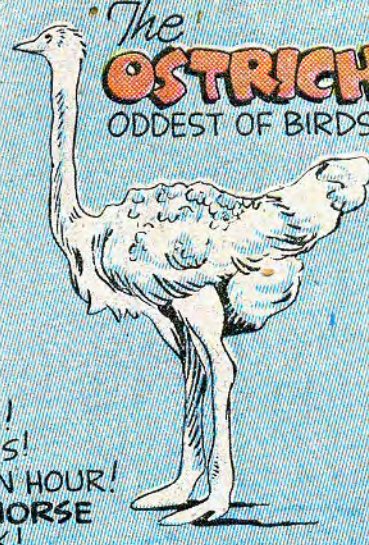
FIRST

TRAFFIC LIGHT
WAS INSTALLED IN
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
E. 105th AND EUCLID AV.



MACARONI-
SPAGHETTI-
VERMICELLI-
ACTUALLY
ORIGINATED
IN
CHINA!

The
OSTRICH
ODDEST OF BIRDS!



CANNOT FLY!
ROARS LIKE A LION!
HAS ONLY TWO TOES!
CAN RUN 60 MILES AN HOUR!
CAN KILL A MAN OR HORSE
WITH A SINGLE KICK!

YOU'LL
DO!



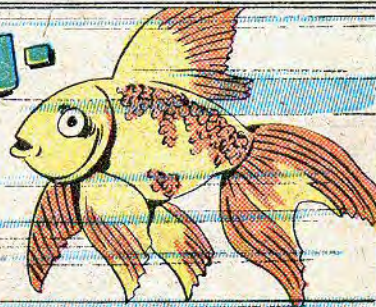
TO HUNT WITHOUT
A DOG ON
SUNDAY IN
NORTH CAROLINA!

The FIRST DISH OF
CHOP SUEY
WAS MADE IN BOSTON!



a
GOLDFISH-

HAS ITS
TEETH
IN ITS
THROAT!




FOR NEWSBOYS TO HOLLER
"EXTRA" ON THE STREETS OF
FREDERICKSBURG VA.!

DYNAMIC MAN

WITH ANCIENT WITCHCRAFT AND BLACK MAGIC AT HIS COMMAND, THE YELLOW SPOT SETS OUT ON A CAMPAIGN TO DESTROY THE MENTALITY OF THE HUMAN RACE, ONLY TO FIND THE MIGHTY DYNAMIC MAN, AN OBSTACLE IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERCOME.



EVENING, IN THE STUDY OF AN EMINENT BRAIN SPECIALIST...

WHY... IT'S A BAT!



THE BAT TAKES ON A HORRIBLE HUMAN SHAPE AND CASTS A HYPNOTIC SPELL...

A BRAIN SPECIALIST... OBEY ME SLAVE!



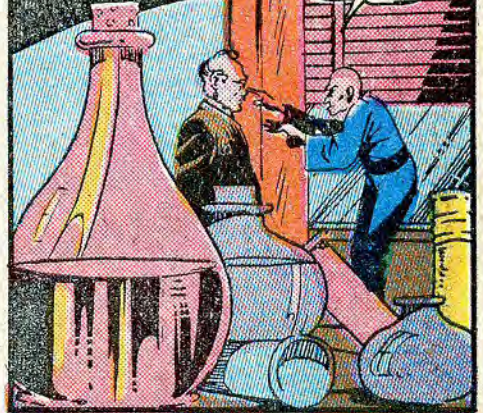
I WILL, MASTER!



... AND AT THE LABORATORY OF A NOTED CHEMIST...

I WILL OBEY!

ANOTHER VICTIM FOR THE YELLOW SPOT.



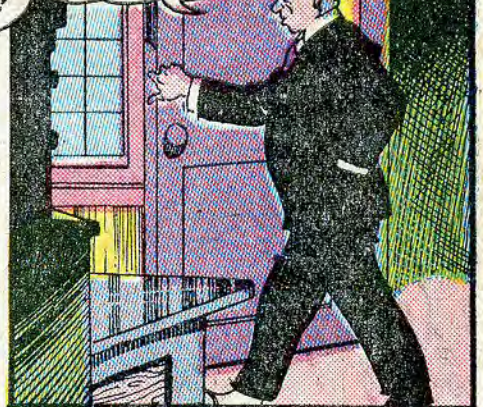
GREAT RESEARCHER AND AUTHORITY ON ANCIENT BLACK MAGIC, DR. MOORE READS OF THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

IT'S COME TRUE... THE ANCIENT CURSE OF THE WITCHES! KNOWLEDGE DESTROYED THEIR FOLLOWING AND SO THEY VOWED SOMEDAY TO WIPE OUT ALL LEARNED MEN!



ENTERING HIS LABORATORY...

LUCKY I STARTED MY EXPERIMENT TO CREATE A MIGHTY HUMAN TO COMBAT THIS EVIL! NOW I MUST COMPLETE IT QUICKLY!

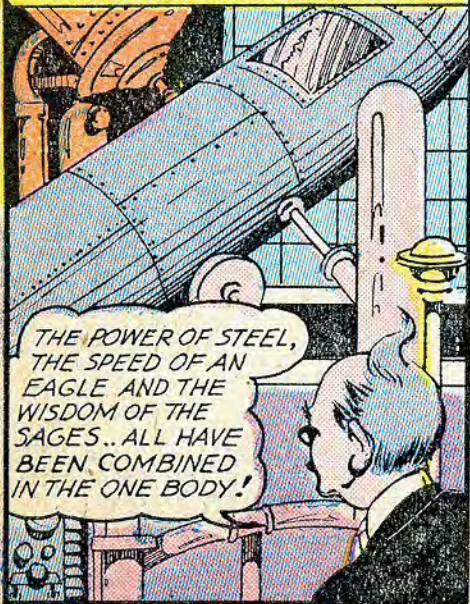


The Philadelphia Press & Guardian
ELECTRICAL WIZARD DISAPPEARS

HOUSEKEEPER BREAKS INTO LABORATORY TO FIND IT EMPTY. POLICE ARE BAFFLED.



PROFESSOR MOORE STANDS BEFORE HIS LATEST CREATION.



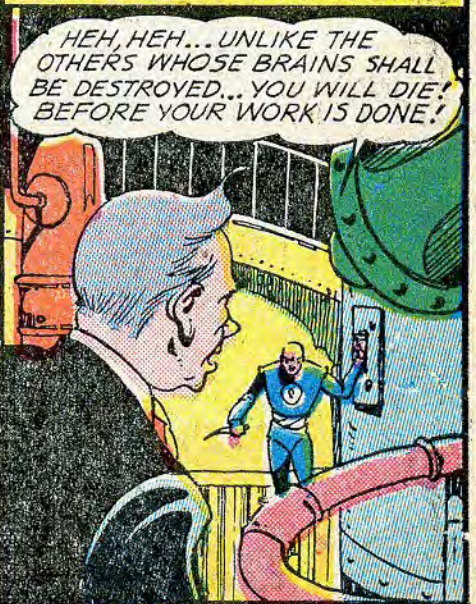
THE POWER OF STEEL, THE SPEED OF AN EAGLE AND THE WISDOM OF THE SAGES... ALL HAVE BEEN COMBINED IN THE ONE BODY!

BUT THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW, A BLACK BAT FLUTTERS IN...



NOW TO THROW THE SWITCH AND INJECT THE SPARK OF LIFE!

... AND ONCE AGAIN TAKES ON THE SHAPE OF A HORRIBLE HUMAN.



HEH, HEH... UNLIKE THE OTHERS WHOSE BRAINS SHALL BE DESTROYED... YOU WILL DIE! BEFORE YOUR WORK IS DONE!

THE PROFESSOR MAKES A LEAP FOR THE SWITCH...

ALL IS NOT YET LOST!



DIE... YOU ENEMY OF THE WITCHES OF OLD!

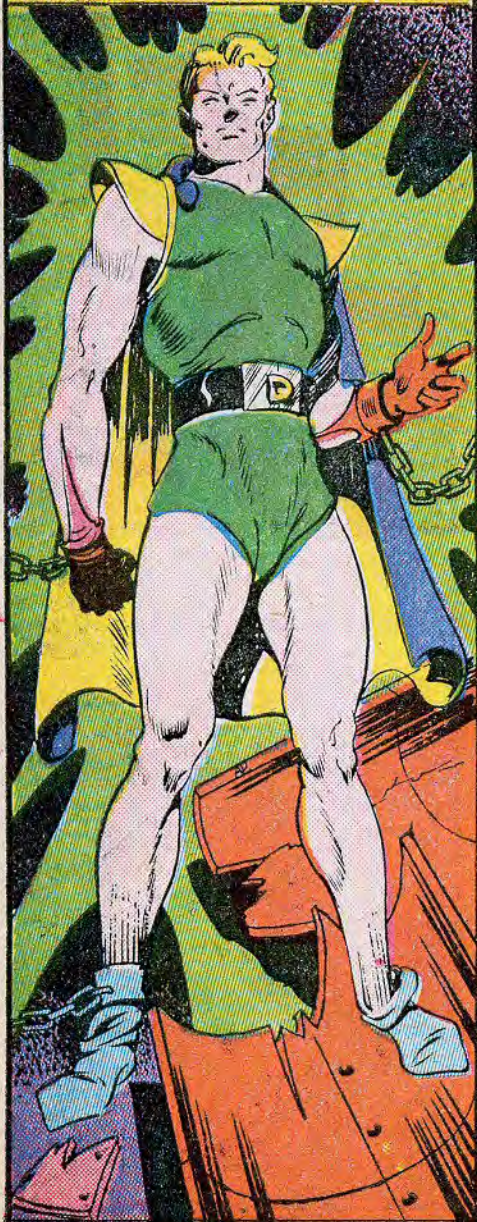


THE DYING PROFESSOR ACCOMPLISHES HIS FINAL FEAT, AND...

HE'S RELEASED THE LIFE GIVING SWITCH!



SUDDENLY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE LABORATORY MECHANISM, RELEASING A MIGHTY FIGURE, AND THE PROFESSOR'S DYNAMIC MAN... COME TO LIFE!



DEATH TO THE DEALERS OF DEATH!

THIS DEVIL MUST BE CHAINED... MY BLACK MAGIC WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



BLACK MAGIC GUARDS ITS FRIENDS WELL, JUST TRY, JUST TRY AND BREAK MY SPELL!

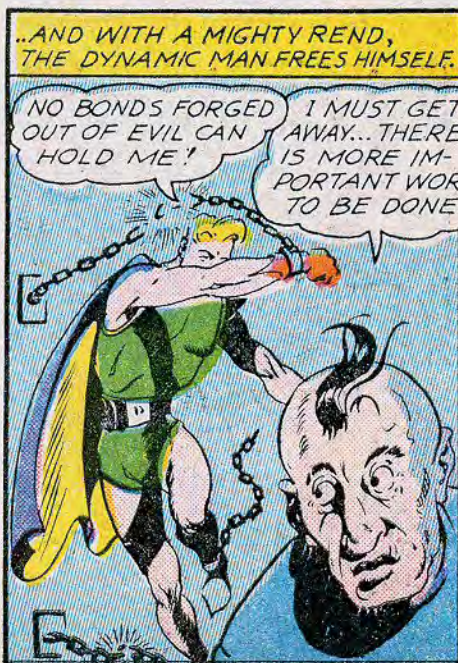
FOOL... THERE IS ONLY ONE POWER... THE POWER OF GOOD! WATCH...



...AND WITH A MIGHTY REND, THE DYNAMIC MAN FREES HIMSELF.

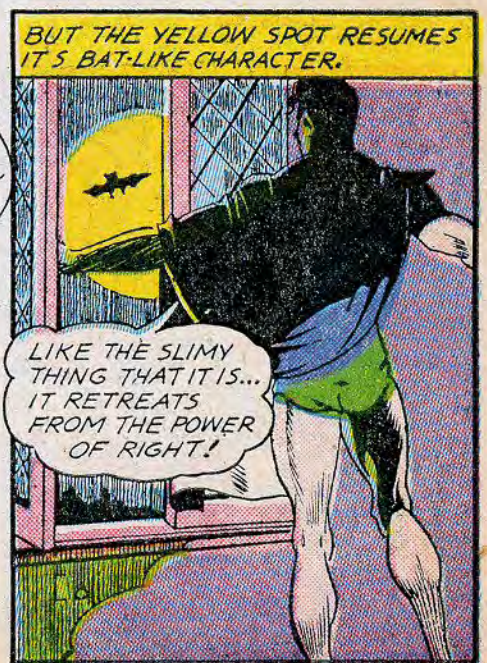
NO BONDS FORGED OUT OF EVIL CAN HOLD ME!

I MUST GET AWAY... THERE IS MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO BE DONE!



BUT THE YELLOW SPOT RESUMES ITS BAT-LIKE CHARACTER.

LIKE THE SLIMY THING THAT IT IS... IT RETREATS FROM THE POWER OF RIGHT!



BUT AS THE LAST BREATH LEAVES THE PROFESSOR, DYNAMIC MAN SWEARS AN OATH.

YELLOW SPOT SEEKS TO DESTROY ALL KNOWLEDGE... YOU MUST FIGHT AND DESTROY HIS BLACK MAGIC... AHHHH!

FOR YOUR SAKE I SHALL RID THE WORLD OF THAT MENACE!

THE POWER OF THE EAGLE WILL CARRY ME THROUGH THE AIR!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE CRAGGY DWELLING OF THE WITCHES OF OLD... MENTIONED BY THE PROFESSOR IN HIS NOTES!

EEYAH!

THAT CAVE... MUST BE THE HIDEOUT OF THE YELLOW SPOT! I'LL LOOK...

...IT'S A TRAP!

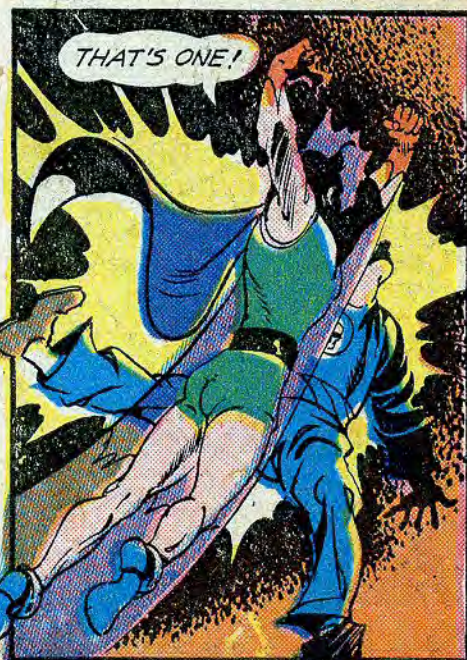
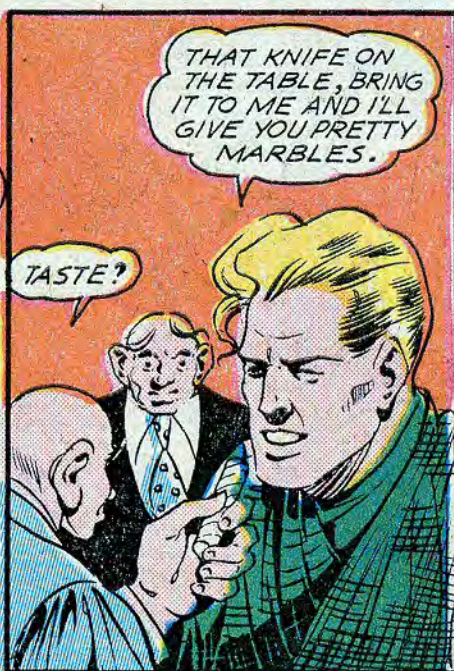
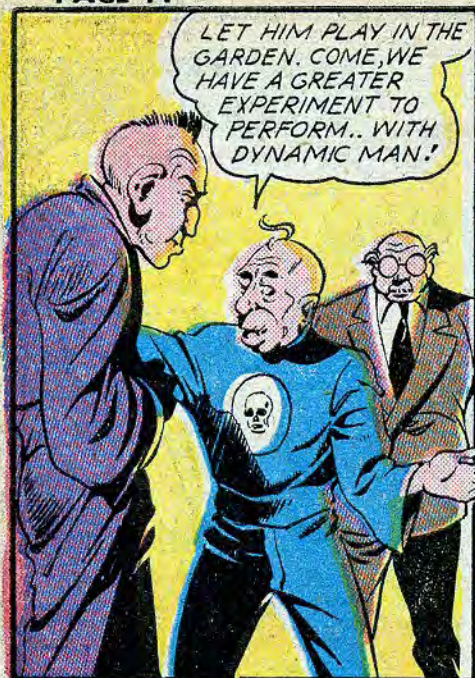
THE DYNAMIC MAN FINDS HIMSELF A PRISONER BEFORE THE MAD YELLOW SPOT.

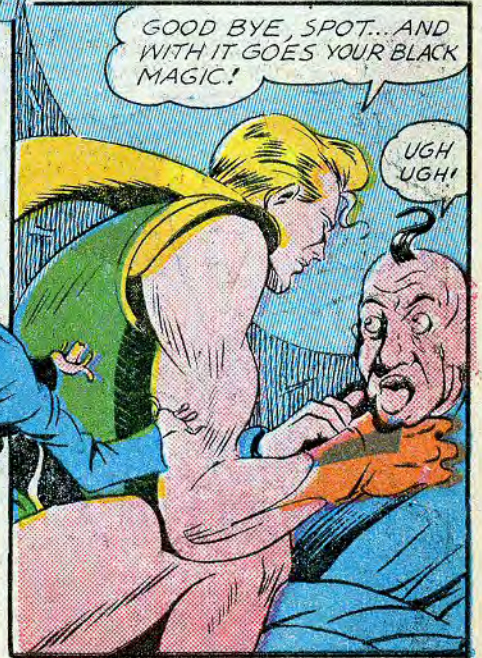
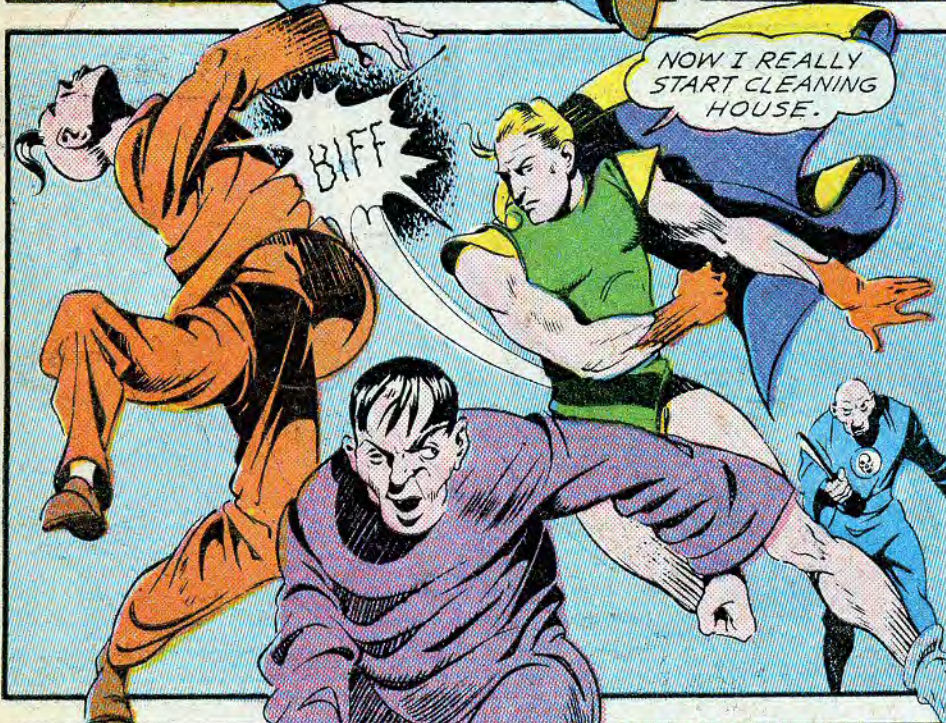
YOU ARE IN A NET OF WOVEN BLACK MAGIC. ONLY THIS KNIFE, FORGED FROM THE BONES OF A DYING MURDERER, CAN FREE YOU!

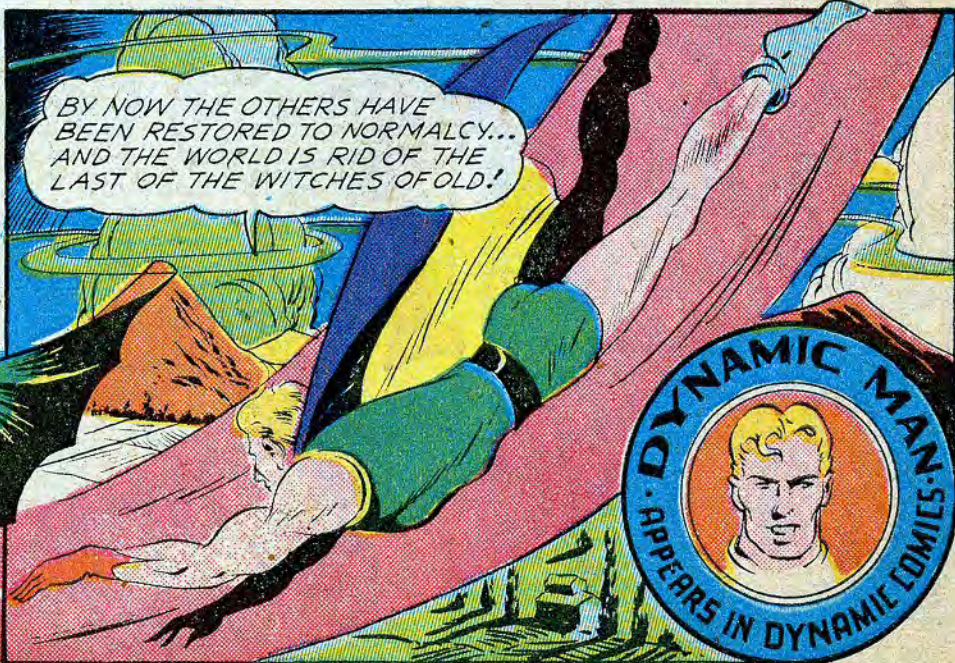
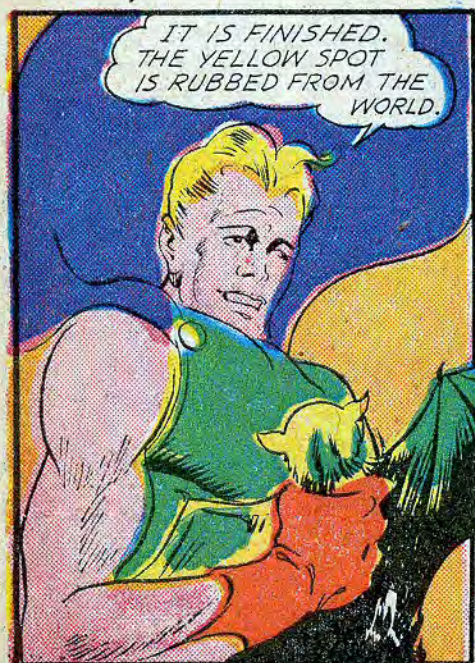
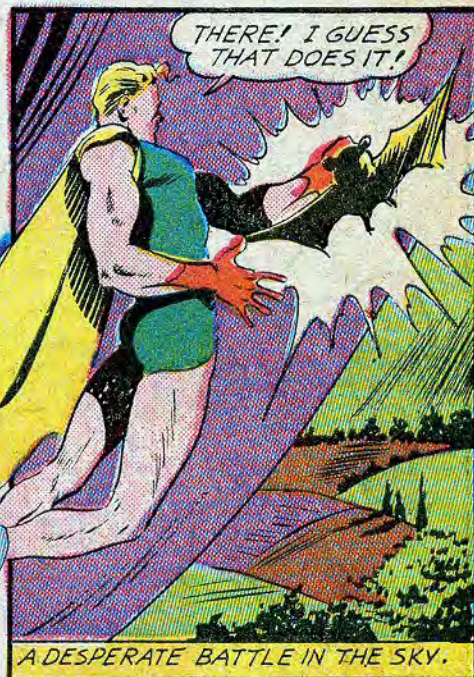
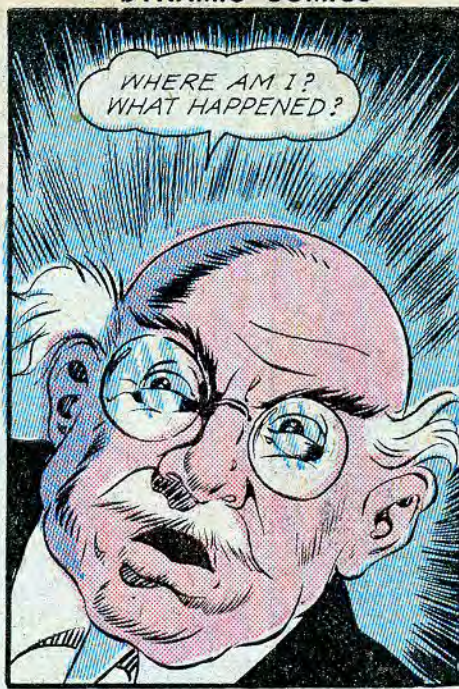
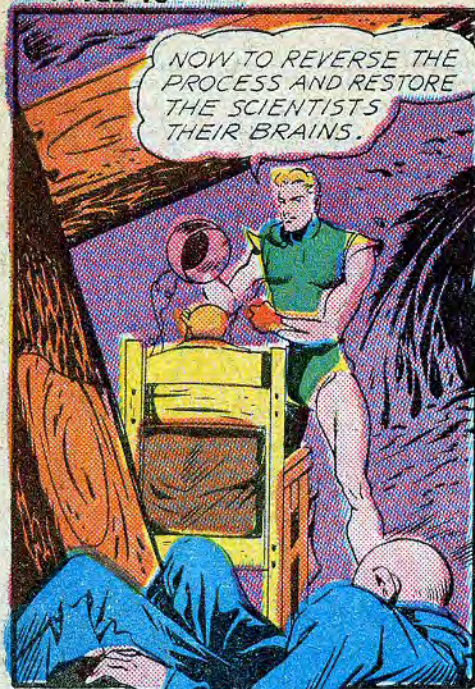
ONLY THIS KNIFE! DO YOU HEAR?

WISE MEN HAVE DRIVEN SUPERSTITION FROM THE EARTH. I WILL BRING IT BACK! OBSERVE! A TOUCH OF THE LEVER AND A VICTORY FOR BLACK MAGIC.

HE IS NOT THE FIRST NOR WILL HE BE THE LAST. I WILL NOT STOP UNTIL ALL THE LEARNED MEN IN THE WORLD ARE AS HE IS, REDUCED TO CHILDREN.







STAMP-O-GRAMS

ODD NAMES

U.S. POSTAL GUIDE
SHOWS THE FOLLOWING
POST OFFICES

"CYCLONE" IN
WYOMING-COUNTY

"HURRICANE" IN
PUTNAM-COUNTY

"TORNADO" IN
KANAWHA-COUNTY

"WINDY" IN
WIRT COUNTY
ALL IN WEST VIRGINIA

STAMP ODDITIES

"ROUGH AN READY"
IS THE NAME OF A TOWN
IN CALIFORNIA.

DURING THE WORLD WAR
U.S. SECRET SERVICE
OPERATIVES PRINTED
COUNTERFEIT GERMAN
STAMPS FOR USE ON
THEIR SPY CORRES-
PONDENCE.

THE UNITED STATES
POST OFFICE ISSUED
ONLY ONE *3 AND
ONE *4 POSTAGE
STAMP. (COLUMBIAN
ISSUE IN 1893.

BARBARA STANWYCK



POTRAYS HER
ROLE OF POST-
MISTRESS IN
THE MOVIE--
"UNION
PACIFIC"
EFFECTIVELY
BECAUSE, IN REALITY, SHE
IS AN ARDENT STAMP
COLLECTOR.



Amos
AND
Andy

RECEIVED THIS
LETTER PROMPTLY.

Some more NEXT ISSUE!

DO YOU KNOW?

IRELAND

IS IN
NORTH CAROLINA.

SCOTLAND

IS IN
NORTH CAROLINA.

ENGLAND

IS IN ARKANSAS

MEXICO

IS IN MAINE

ROME

IS IN FLORIDA

ATHENS

IS IN TEXAS

STAMP COLLECTORS MENU

APPETIZERS VEGETABLES

MELON (KAN.)

POTATO (TEXAS)

OYSTER (PA.)

LIMA (OKLA.)

SOUP

TURTLE (MO.)

DESSERTS

PECAN (MISS.)

RICE (ARIZ.)

PEANUT (CAL.)

FISH

CARP (MINN.)

FRUIT

APPLE (KY.)

HADDOCK (GA.)

ORANGE (CONN.)

GAME

QUAIL (TEXAS)

DRINKS

CHAMPAIN (ILL.)

SQUIRREL (IDAHO)

RYE (N.Y.)

ROAST

CHICKEN (ALASKA)

CIGARS

CORONA (N.Y.)

TURKEY (TEXAS)

CREMO (W. VA.)

STAMP PORTRAITS

F.D.R.



COLLECTION UP TO-
DATE.

IT IS
REPORTED
SPENDS
A PART
OF EACH
DAY
BRINGING
HIS OUT-
STANDING
COLLECTION UP TO-
DATE.

PHILATELIC PHOOLERY



THE FIRST
AMERICAN
"MALE"
CARRIER.

ONE FOR THE ALBUM



The
POSTAL
SERVICE
OF
VENEZUELA
HAS
ANNOUNCED
THAT
LOVE
LETTERS
MAY
BE
SENT AT HALF
RATE HERE AFTER.

LUCKY COYNE



EVENING, A YOUNG GIRL CALLS AT LUCKY COYNE'S OFFICE.



WHICH OF YOU GENTLEMEN IS MR. COYNE?

I AM, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M HELEN JORDAN. I'VE INHERITED THE JORDAN MANSION AND I'M IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!



EVEN AS THE JORDAN GIRL RELATES HER STORY, A MENACING HAND APPEARS AT THE REAR WINDOW....



IT'S HAUNTED BY A TERRIBLE GHOST CALLED EVIL EYE....

AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM RENTS THE AIR, FOLLOWED BY INSANE GURGLING LAUGHTER.



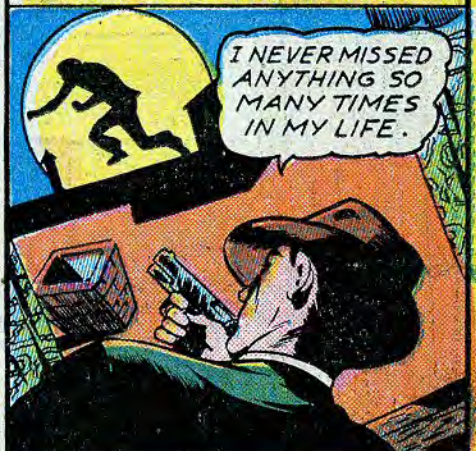
WHEEEEE...HA, HA HA!

THE EYE... THE EVIL EYE!



WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?

ON REACHING THE WINDOW, THE ACE DETECTIVE FIRES AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT THE SHADOWY FIGURE CONTINUES TO DART THROUGH THE NIGHT.



I NEVER MISSED ANYTHING SO MANY TIMES IN MY LIFE.

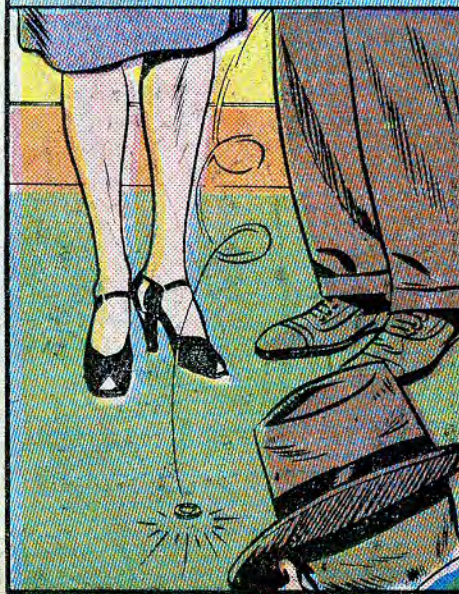
I'D LOVE TO LIVE IN THE MANSION, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

HEADS WE GO, TAILS WE DON'T.

WELL, BOSS?

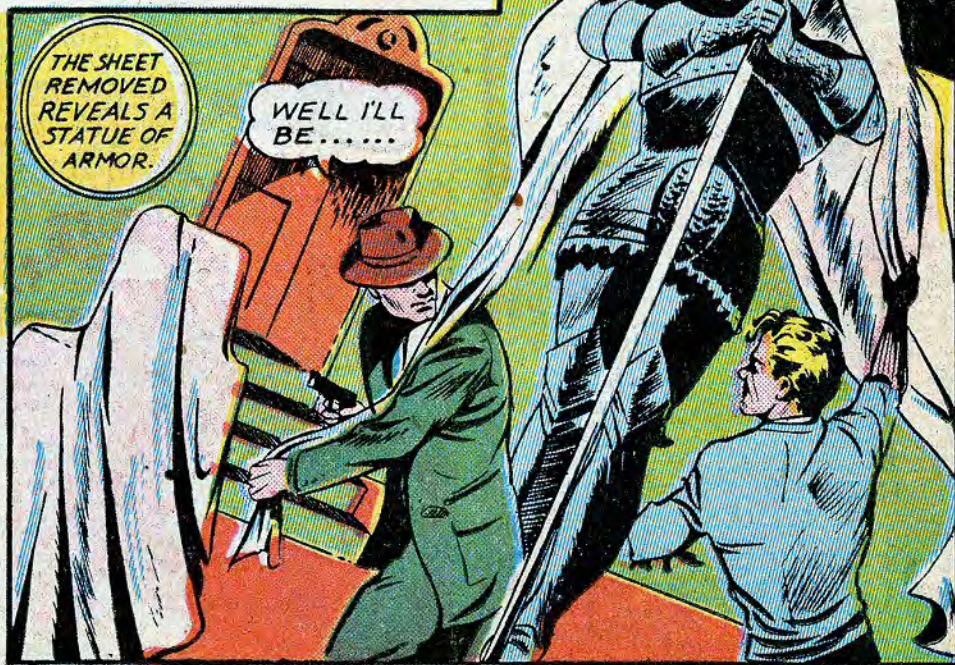


LUCKY FLIPS, AND THE COIN LANDS WITH THE HEAD UP....



YOU CAN REST EASY, MA'M.. WE'LL GET OLD EVIL EYE FOR YOU!

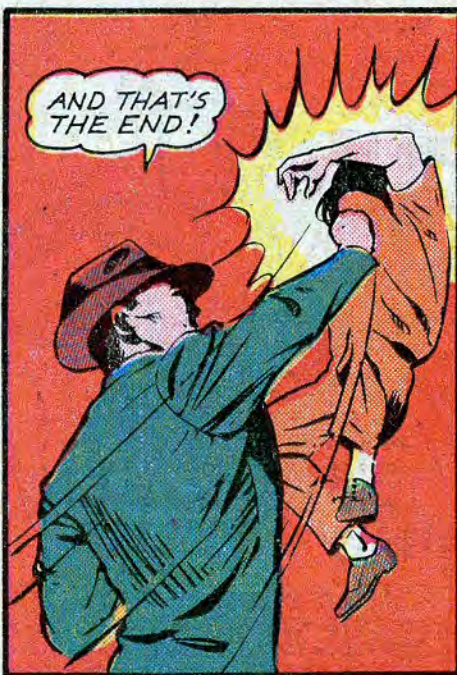


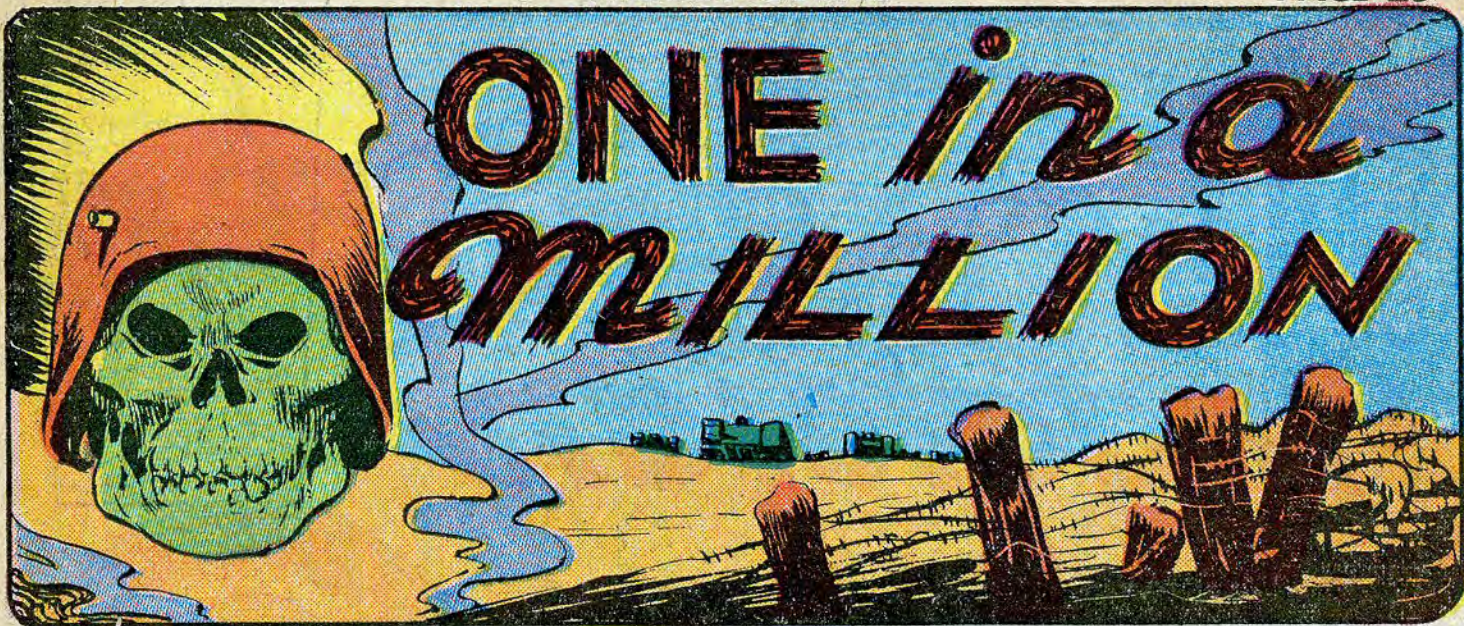












"Holy Jupiter!" yelled Frank Mays, the American "devil driver," as machine gun bullets whizzed by the ambulance he was driving for a British hospital unit in Suez.

The nurse, caring for the wounded men in the ambulance, yelled excitedly, "A Nazi tank! It's chasing us!"

Frank jammed his foot down on the gas pedal. The ambulance almost flew over the shell torn road. Four bandaged Britishers turned, when the wounded German prisoner cried out, "Ach Himmel, you're bouncing too much!"

Frank turned to the nurse, "Just like Fritzie to be the only one to complain," he said. "Take the wheel," he continued, "there's a grenade in the back—it's our only chance!"

With grim determination the nurse seated herself at the wheel, as Frank went to the back of the ambulance. He looked out the rear window and saw the tank coming closer. Suddenly, a hail of lead tore into the machine—followed by an agonizing scream. One of the Britishers had been shot. His face and chest were riddled with machine gun bullets and his bandages were being saturated with fresh blood. A gasp and the soldier fell dead.

Frank stiffened as he bit the pin off the grenade and hurled it—but the ambulance swerved and the missile exploded harmlessly on the road.

Bitterly, Frank turned to the Nazi and said, "You'll soon be free, if we're not machine gunned to pieces, first!" Frank returned to his place at the wheel. Ahead of him stretched the shell torn road. He slowed down to maneuver about the craters.

Inside, the nurse pulled a sheet over the dead soldier's face. Turning to the Nazi, she cried aloud, "Butcher!"

The German winced. "Believe me," he said softly, "I'm not like that. I'm just a simple peasant who worked hard all my life. Then the Fuehrer came—he changed us from simple folks to wild beasts!"

The German breathed heavily as he lay back thinking of the pleasant courtesy extended by the hospital unit. For the first time he saw clearly the viciousness of the Nazi war machine. Suddenly, he bit his lip and muttered, "Ja, lieber Gott!"

"We can get out of this," he whispered hoarsely.

The nurse bent closer. Into her ear the Nazi unfolded an ingenious plan.

. . . The ambulance rounded a

bend in the road and halted. Soon the tank tore around the curve and came to a full stop behind the ambulance. Two heads popped out from the tank opening.

"Heil, Hitler!" one of the men yelled at a Nazi soldier, who stood in the center of the road aiming a rifle at the ambulance. The tank driver turned to his companion and said, "He spoiled the fun of blowing it up. Come—let's go out and ask him his regiment!"

The tank men began climbing down, at the same time giving the Nazi salute and yelling, "Heil, the Fuehrer! What Panzer division are you with?"

The soldier looked up, aimed his rifle and replied, "With the British army! One move and you're both dead pigeons!"

The terrified Nazi tank men threw up their hands and cried, "Ach Himmel! This is not fair—we thought you were a comrade?"

"No, I'm not!" yelled Frank, who was in the wounded German's uniform. "I'm a gentleman," he continued, "otherwise I'd have shot you both in the back, as you would have done. Now get out and march—the war is over for both of you!"

—THE END—

HALE

THE

Magician

BURIED FOR MANY CENTURIES WITH THE MYSTERY OF MAGIC IN HIS CHARMED SPEARHEAD, HALE, THE MAGICIAN, RETURNS TO LIFE TO BATTLE THE INJUSTICES OF THE PRESENT DAY WORLD.



1541 IN SOUTH AMERICA, AN IMPOVERISHED NOBLEMAN AND SON LOOK ON WITH DISFAVOR AT THE CRUELTY OF THE SPANISH CONQUISTADORS IN THEIR DEALINGS WITH THE NATIVES.

I THOUGHT WE CAME TO PLANT, AND TO CIVILIZE THE NATIVES, NOT BRUTALIZE THEM?

I'M TIRED OF THIS BLOODSHED TOO, FATHER. WE MUST DO SOMETHING FOR THESE POOR SAVAGES!



© HARRY A. CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.

...AND LATE THAT NIGHT, THE FATHER AND SON, QUIETLY, SLIP AWAY FROM THE CAMP.



YES, I AM CHIEF XINGU OF THE MAONI INDIANS.

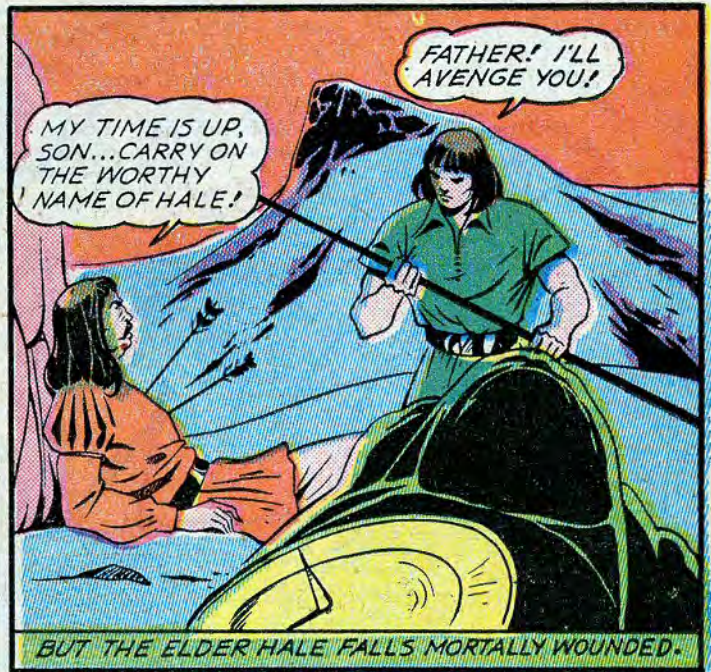
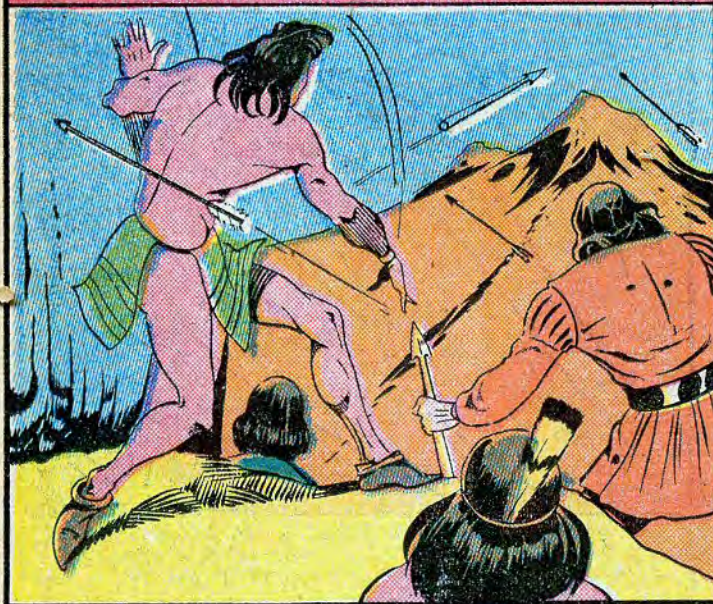
MY NAME IS HALE AND THIS IS MY SON... RATHER THAN TOLERATE OUR CRUEL SPANISH COMPANIONS WE HAVE COME TO OFFER OUR SERVICES TO YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE.

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE MOUNTAIN HOME OF THE MAONI INDIANS.

BUT UNKNOWN TO THE HALE'S, THE CONQUISTADORS HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THEIR TRAIL.



FATHER AND SON BRAVELY LEAD THE ATTACK AGAINST THE HEAVILY ARMORED FOE.



BUT THE ELDER HALE FALLS MORTALLY WOUNDED.



THE FIERCE CHARGE FORCES THE SPANIARDS TO BREAK AND FLEE IN DISORDERED RETREAT.



POOR FATHER... HE GAVE UP HIS LIFE FOR THE FREEDOM OF OTHERS. HALE, YOU AND YOUR FATHER FOUGHT BRAVELY IN OUR DEFENSE... NEVER AGAIN WILL AN INVADER RISK STORMING OUR MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS.



CENTURIES BEFORE ITS USE BECAME KNOWN TO OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD, THE HIGHLY CIVILIZED MAONIS KNEW THE VALUE OF CONTROLLED LIGHTNING



YOUR BRAVERY AND WISDOM CAN ONLY BE A GIFT FROM THE GODS. STAY HERE WITH ME AND MY PEOPLE AND SOME DAY SUCCEED ME AS RULER.

I SHALL BE HONORED TO SERVE PERSONS AS HIGHLY CIVILIZED AS YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS.



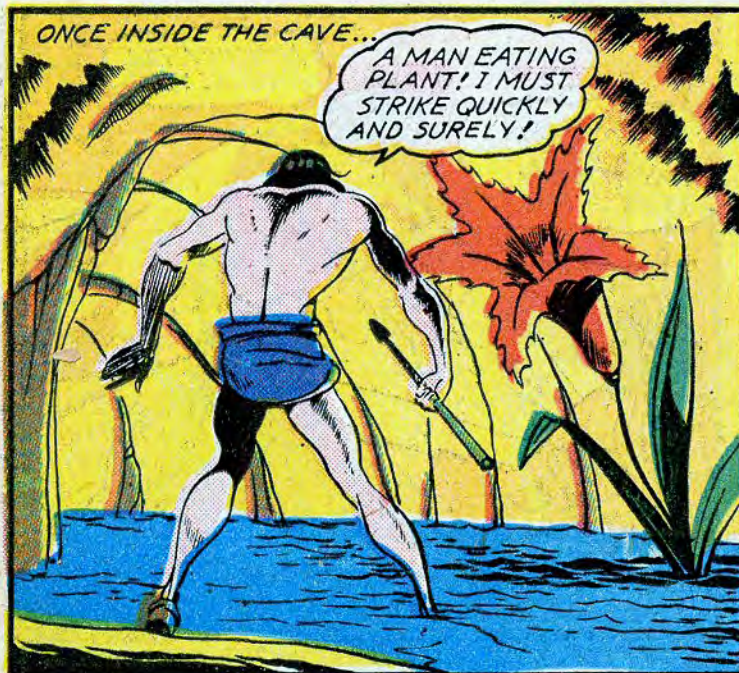
YOUR SPEAR, WAS IT MAGIC?

NO, MERELY THE RESULT OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE THE THIRD TALENT A MAN MUST POSSESS TO MASTER HIS WORLD! BUT FIRST YOU MUST PASS THE PRELIMINARY TESTS! COME... THEY SHALL BEGIN!



YOUR COURAGE AND SKILL WITH THE SPEAR WILL CONQUER THIS LEGENDARY MAONI PHYSICAL TEST. I WILL AWAIT YOU AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAVE.

AS QUALIFICATION FOR CHIEFTAIN-ELECT OF THE MAONIS, YOUNG HALE IS SENT INTO A DARK CAVE FROUGHT WITH UNKNOWN PERILS.



ONCE INSIDE THE CAVE...

A MAN EATING PLANT! I MUST STRIKE QUICKLY AND SURELY!



EVERY LIVING THING HAS A VULNERABLE POINT. THERE, I FOUND IT!

BUT, WITH UNERRING PRECISION, HALE DRIVES HIS SPEAR TO THE CORE OF THE PLANT AND THE CRUSHING PETALS WITHER AWAY.



TREACHEROUS SHOALS INFESTED WITH CANNIBAL FISH AND A FLIMSY CRAFT FOR THE CROSSING!

A HAZARD OF EVEN GREATER PROPORTIONS NEXT CHALLENGES HIS COURAGE.



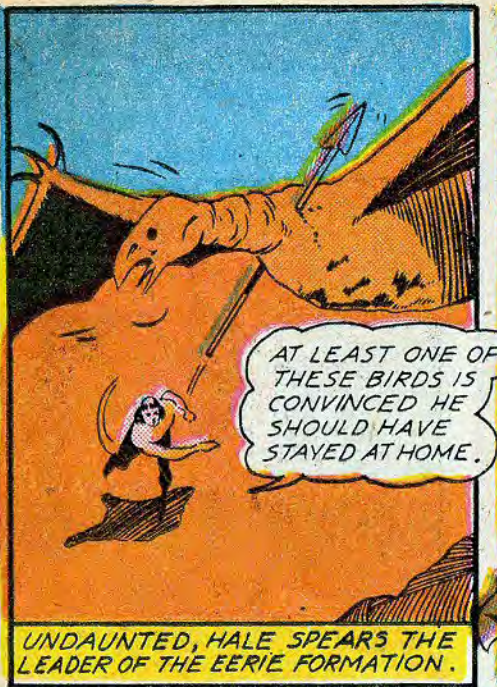
THOSE FISH HAVEN'T EATEN ANYTHING BUT EACH OTHER IN YEARS... WHAT A TREAT I'D BE!

WITH COOL POISE, THE YOUTH CROSSES SAFELY TO THE BANK.



WHAT'S THIS?

A CLAPPING OF WINGS ANNOUNCES A SIGHT THAT MAKES THE BLOOD RUN COLD.



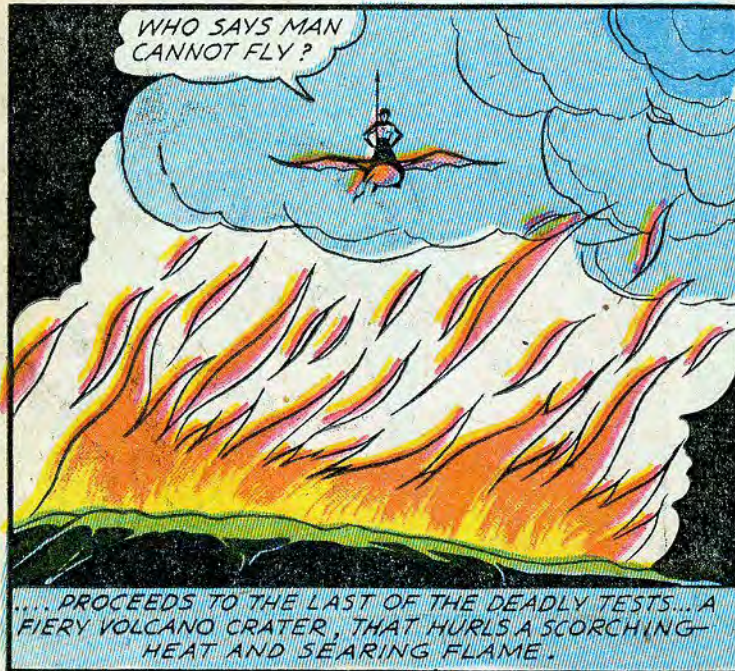
UNDAUNTED, HALE SPEARS THE LEADER OF THE EERIE FORMATION.



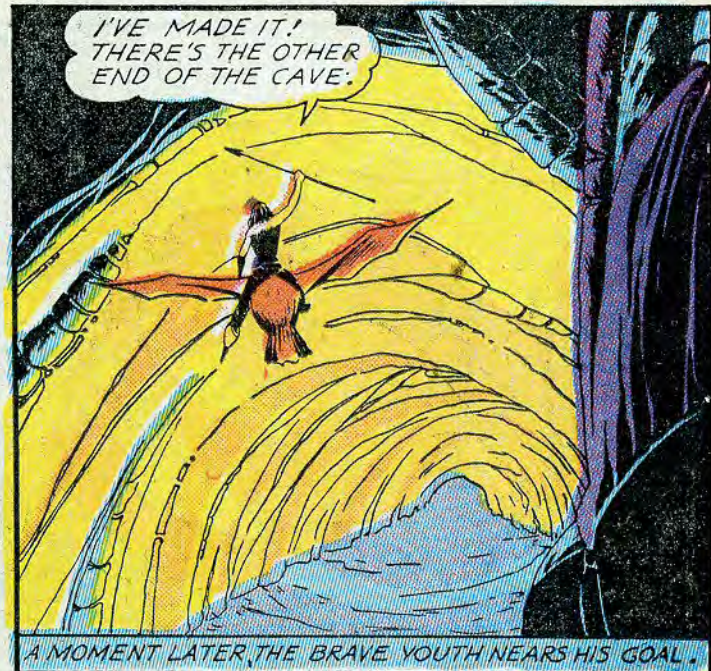
WIELDING HIS SPEAR LIKE A CLUB, THE BRAVE YOUTH CALMLY FELS THE FIERCE ATTACKERS.



HALE CAPTURES THE LAST LIVING BIRD, AND....



.... PROCEEDS TO THE LAST OF THE DEADLY TESTS... A FIERY VOLCANO CRATER, THAT HURLS A SCORCHING-HEAT AND SEARING FLAME.



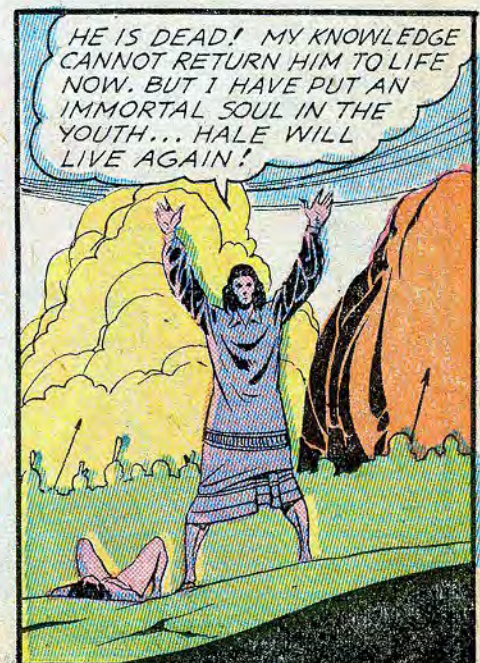
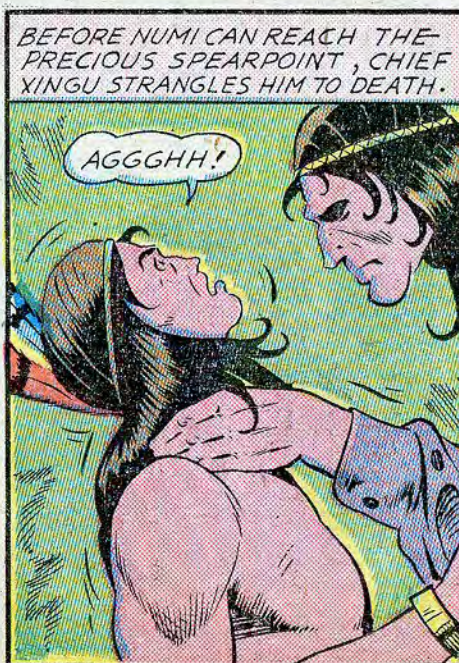
A MOMENT LATER, THE BRAVE YOUTH NEARS HIS GOAL.



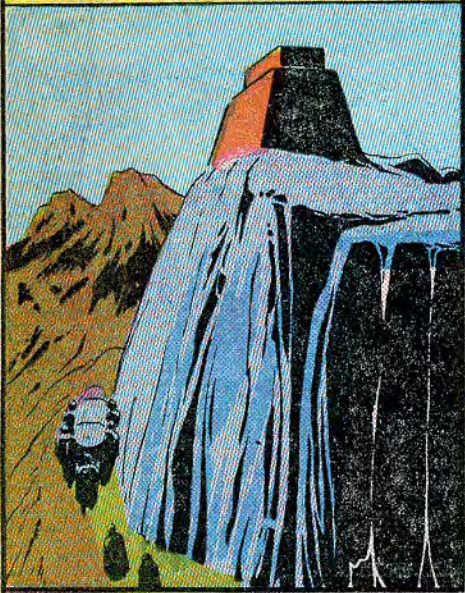
OUTSIDE THE CAVE, HALE IS GREETED BY THE CHEERING THROG.



CHIEF XINGU SPENDS MONTH AFTER MONTH SECRETLY INSTRUCTING HIS PUPIL IN MAGIC.



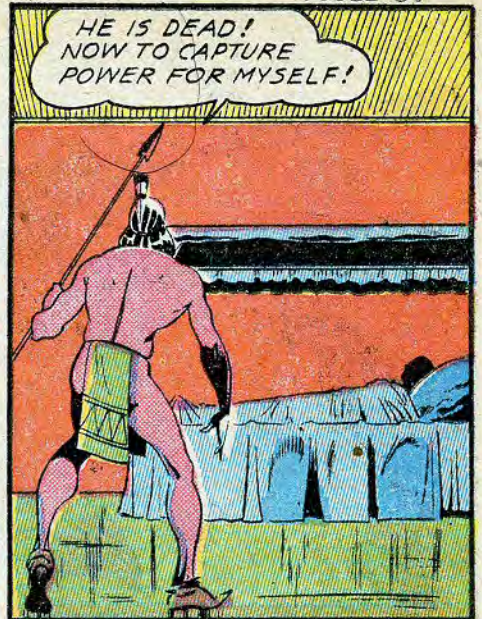
NEXT DAY THE GRIEF-STRIKEN CHIEF LEADS A MOURNFUL PROCESSION TO A TOMB ATOP A HIGH MOUNTAIN.



THE DEED OF ONE GREEDY, JEALOUS MAN HAS REMOVED THE ONE HEIR CAPABLE OF LEADING THE MAONIS, WHOSE CIVILIZATION IS THUS DOOMED TO DESTROY ITSELF. BUT HALE SOMEDAY SHALL RISE AGAIN.



HE IS DEAD! NOW TO CAPTURE POWER FOR MYSELF!



SOON, THE AGING CHIEF DIES OF A BROKEN HEART.

XINGU'S PREDICTION BECOMES A FACT AS CIVIL WAR RAGES THROUGHOUT MAONI TERRITORY.



COUNTLESS YEARS PASS, AND THE STORY IS EVER THE SAME, DEATH AND BLOODSHED UNTIL THE LAST OF THE MAONI'S PERISH FROM THE EARTH.

CENTURIES LATER, IN THE YEAR 1941 HENRY STARRETT, AMERICAN SCIENTIST, AND HIS DAUGHTER, LOIS, ARRIVE TO INVESTIGATE THE INTRIGUING LEGEND.

THAT MUST BE THE MOUNTAIN, AHEAD THERE.

OH, I CAN HARDLY WAIT... DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'LL REALLY COME TO LIFE?



CAMPED RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF THE CASE WE CAN'T MISS THE GREATEST EVENT IN HISTORY... A MORTAL ACHIEVING IMMORTALITY.

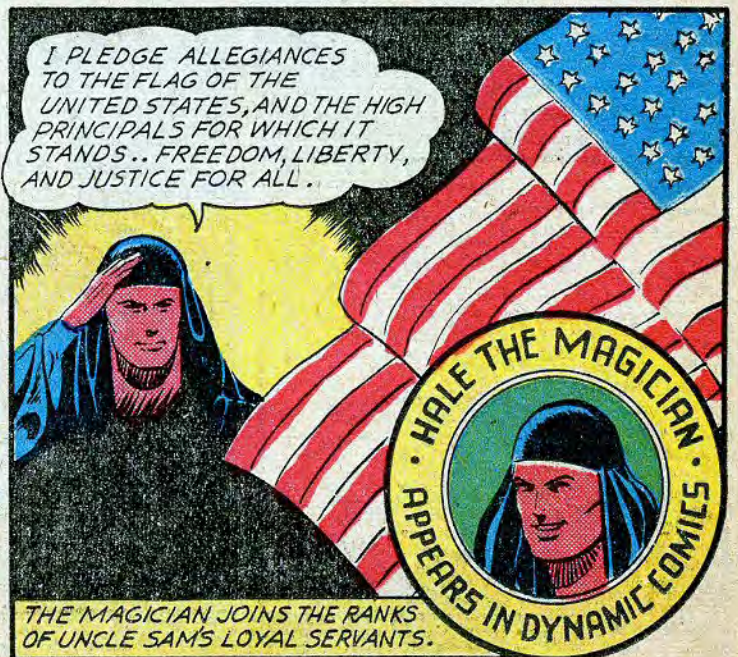
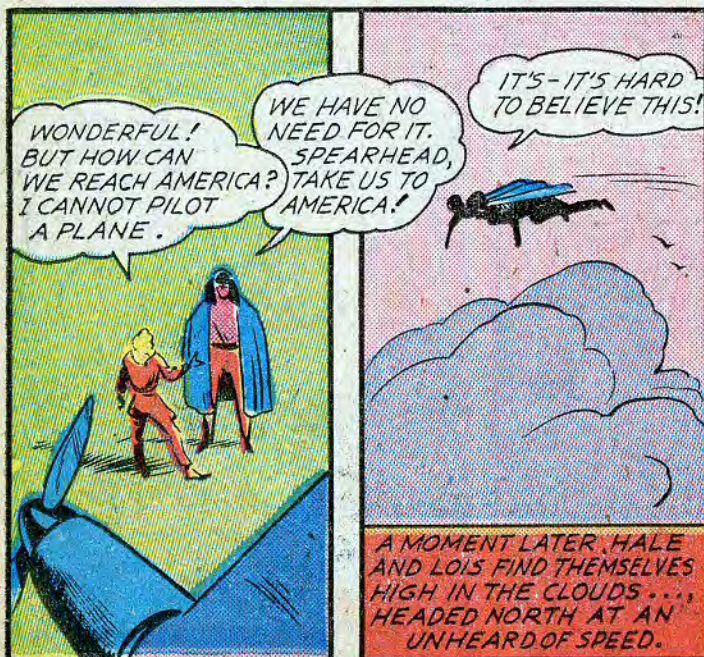
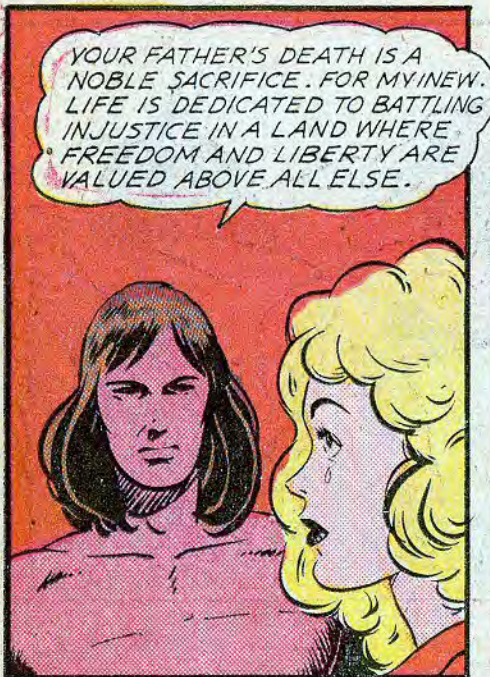
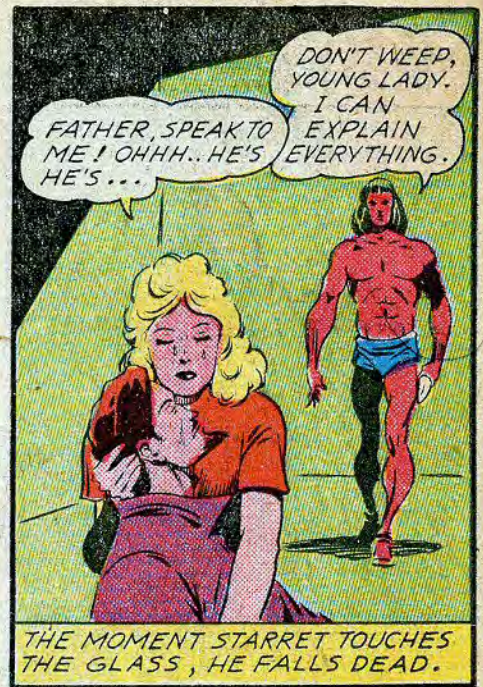
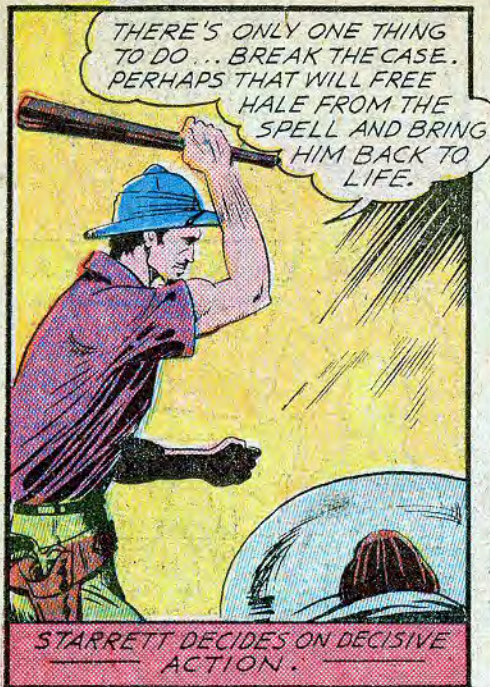


LANDING, STARRETT AND LOIS CAMP BESIDE THE GLASS TOMB OF HALE.

WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR MONTHS AND NOTHING HAS HAPPENED. OUR FOOD IS ALMOST GONE.



THEIR SUPPLIES EXHAUSTED, THE SCIENTIST AND HIS DAUGHTER FACE A CRISIS.



THE Black Cobra



GETTING INSIDE LEADS AS A CLERK IN HIS FATHER'S OFFICE, JIM HORNSBY, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S SON,... BATTLES CRIME AND INJUSTICE AS THE DARING **BLACK COBRA**.

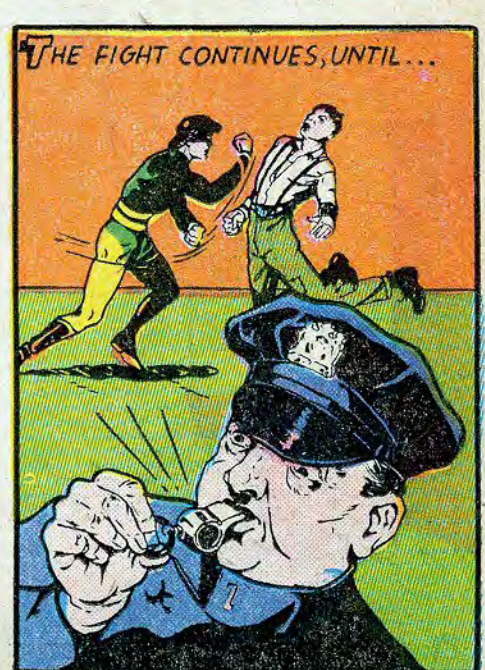
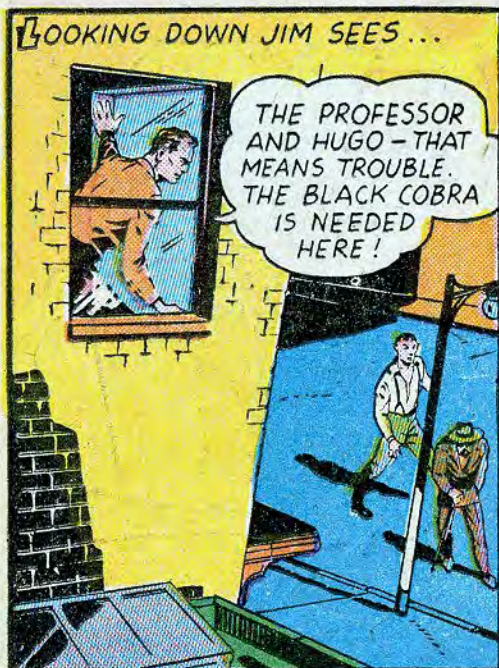
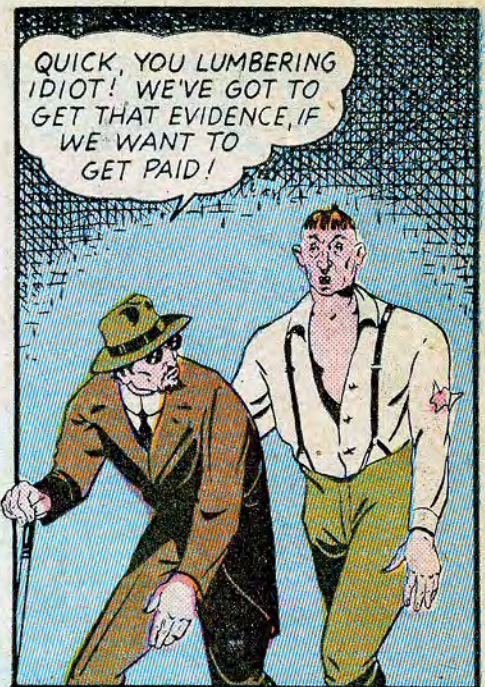
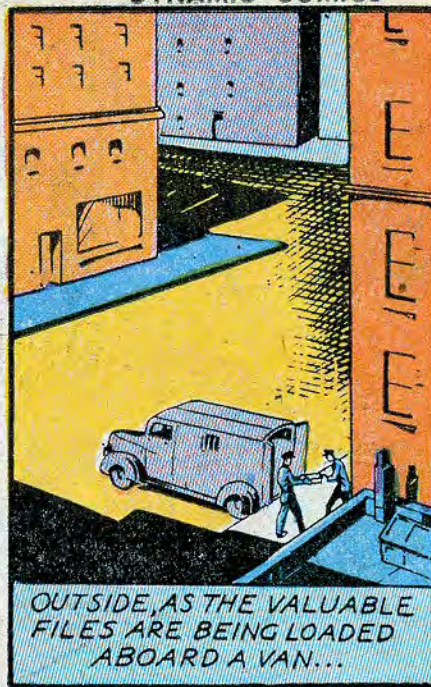
THE MEN ARE READY, MR. HORNSBY.

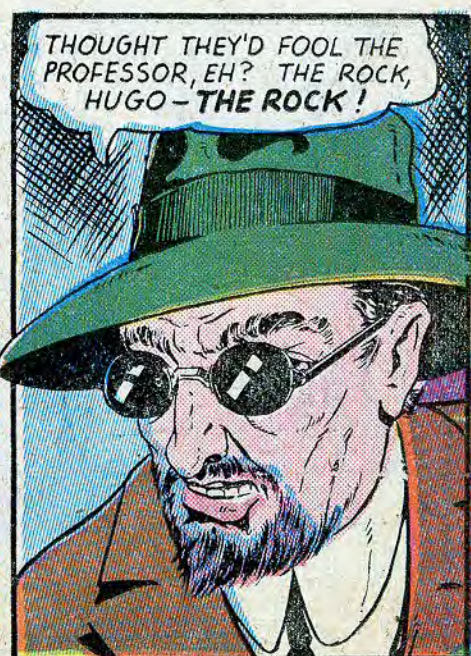
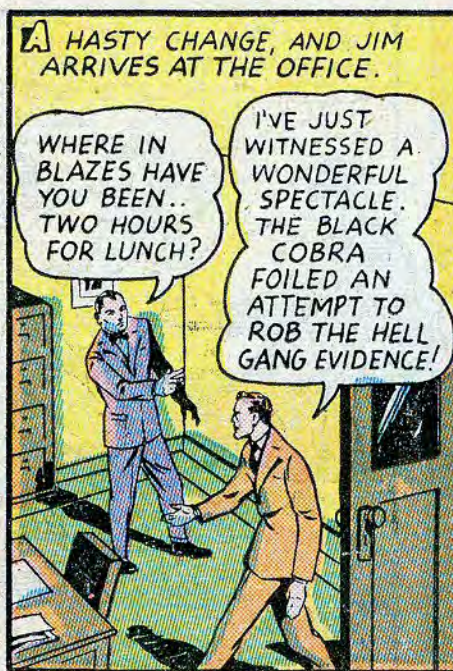
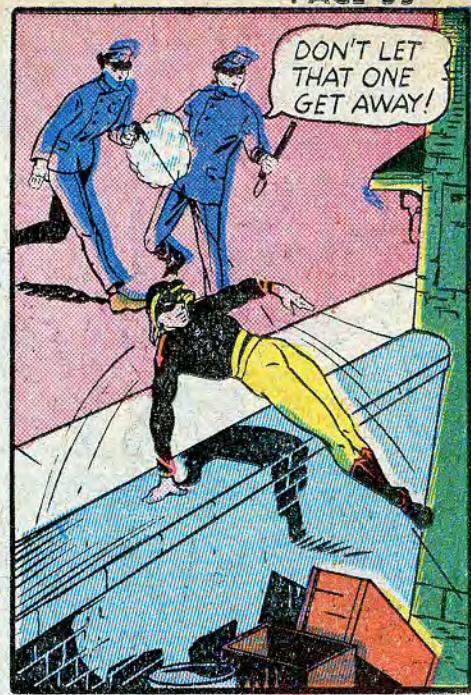
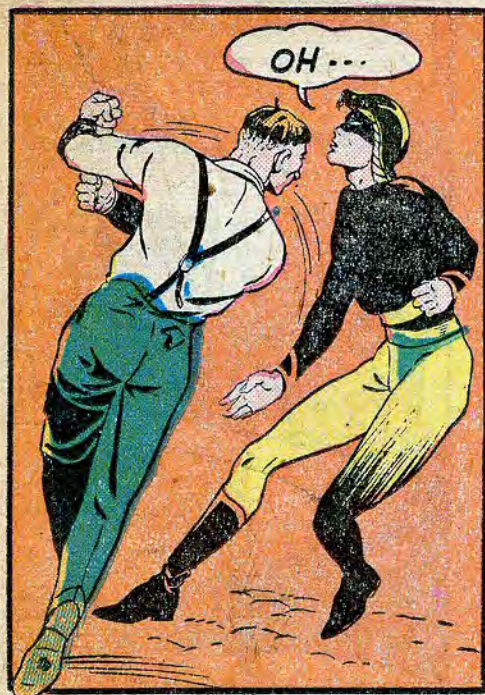
GOOD, I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE RECORDS ARE. YOUR MEN CAN DELIVER THEM TO THE COURT HOUSE.

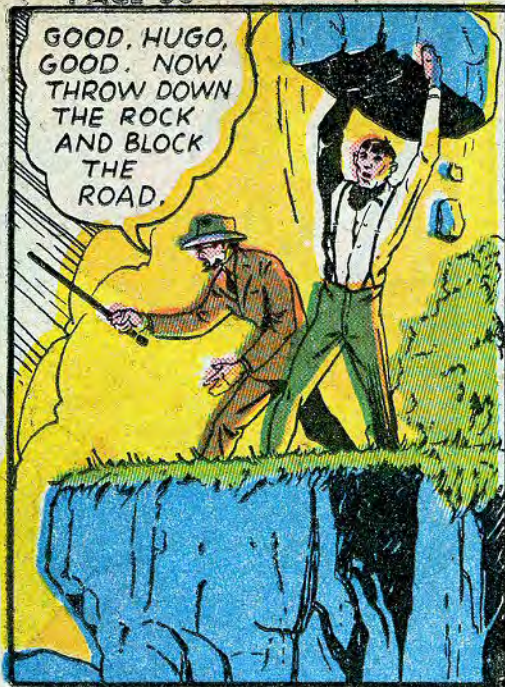
GUESS YOUR SON, JIM, WILL BE JOINING YOUR STAFF SOON, EH, MR. HORNSBY?

BAH! THAT PANTY-WAIST PREFERS TO REMAIN A CLERK. COME!

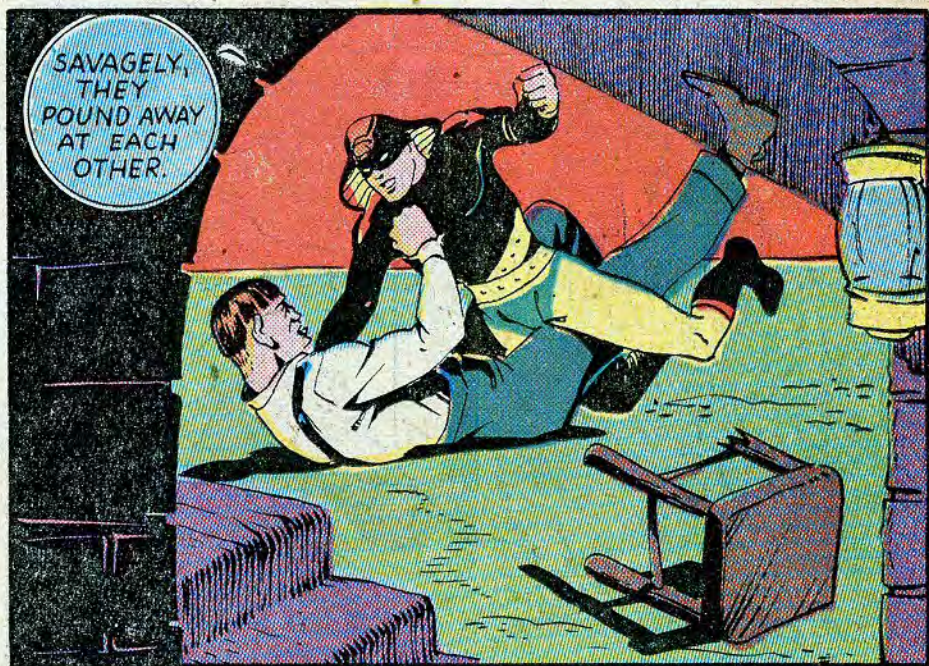
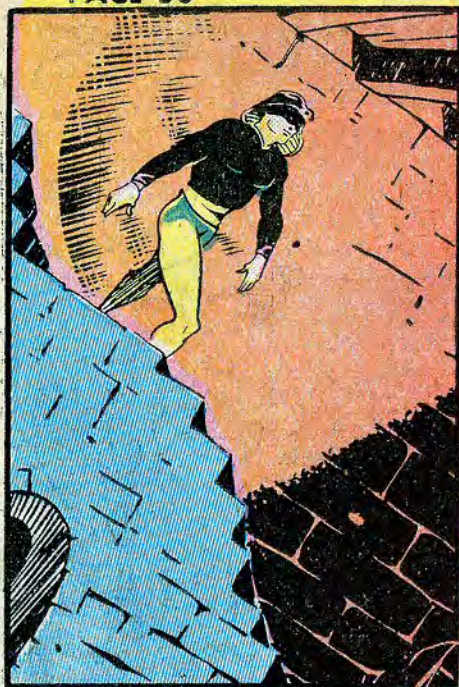
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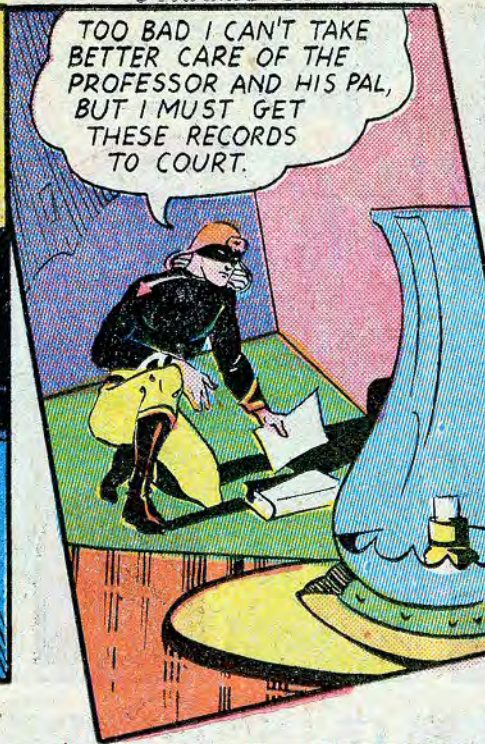








THE IMPACT SENDS THE GIANT CRASHING AGAINST THE FURNACE



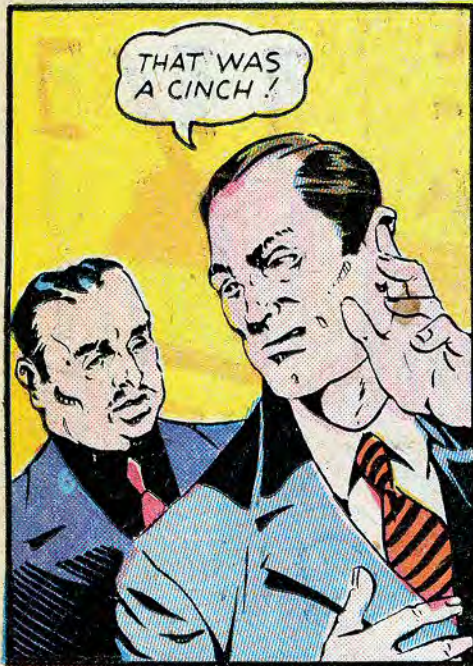
TOO BAD I CAN'T TAKE BETTER CARE OF THE PROFESSOR AND HIS PAL, BUT I MUST GET THESE RECORDS TO COURT.



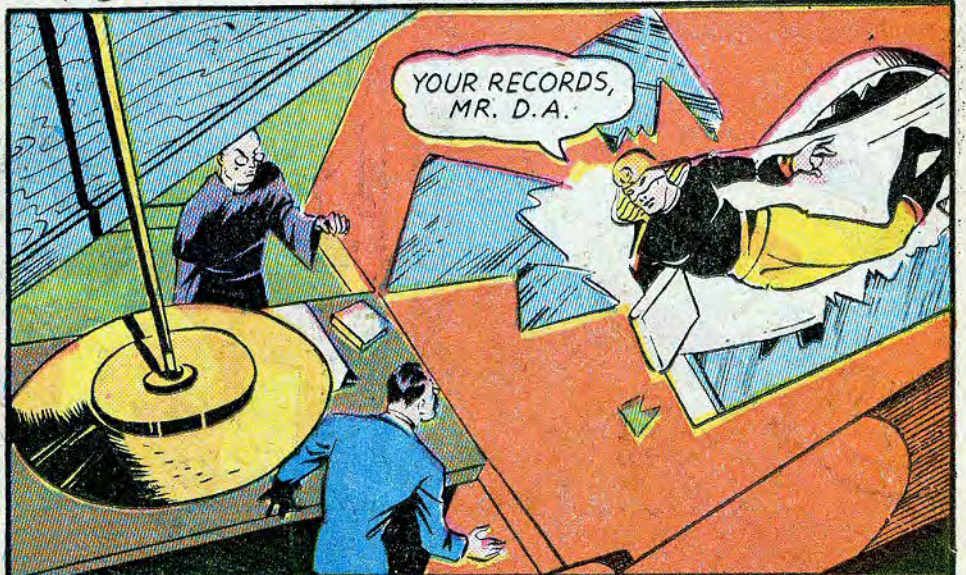
BUT AT THE TRIAL ----

THIS COURT CANNOT WAIT ANY LONGER FOR THE EVIDENCE. THE PRISONERS ARE DISCHARGED.

COME ON. LET'S GO.



THAT WAS A CINCH!



YOUR RECORDS, MR. D.A.

THE BLACK COBRA COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW ----



THEY'VE JUST BEEN RELEASED - THERE THEY GO!

I DON'T LIKE DAT OTHER GUY'S LOOKS. LET'S MAKE A DASH!

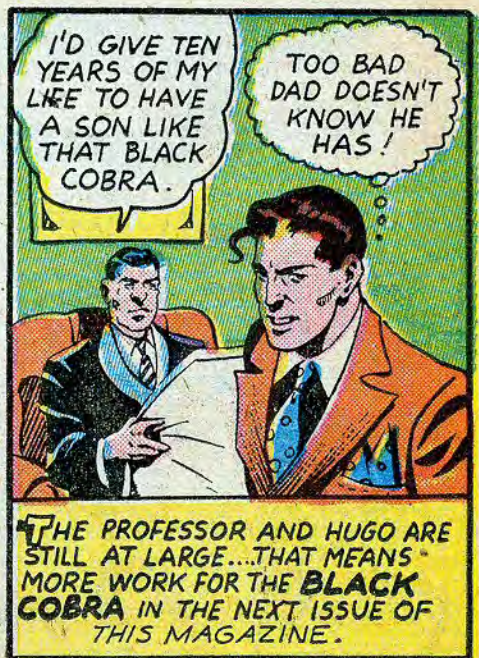
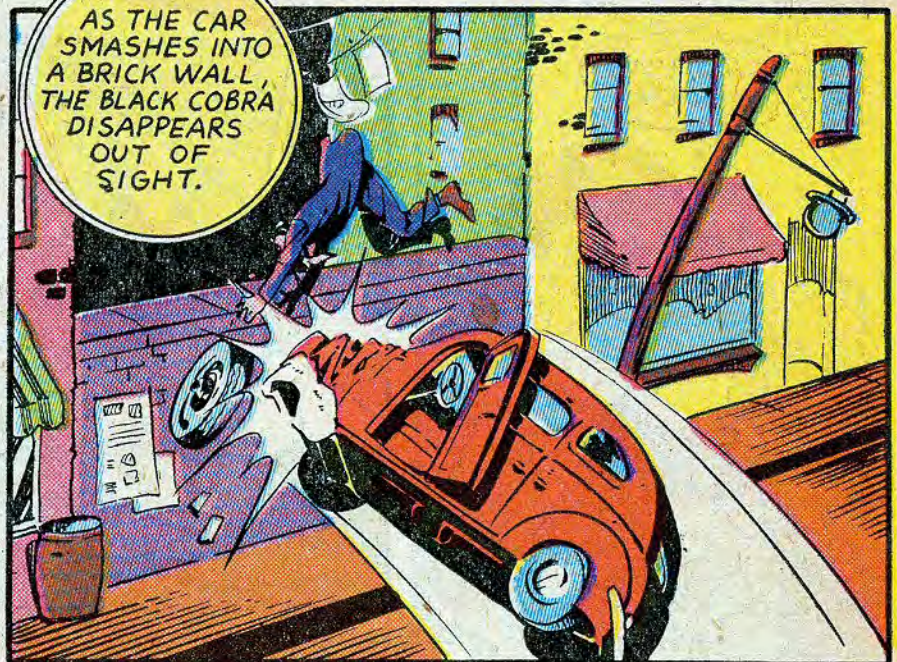
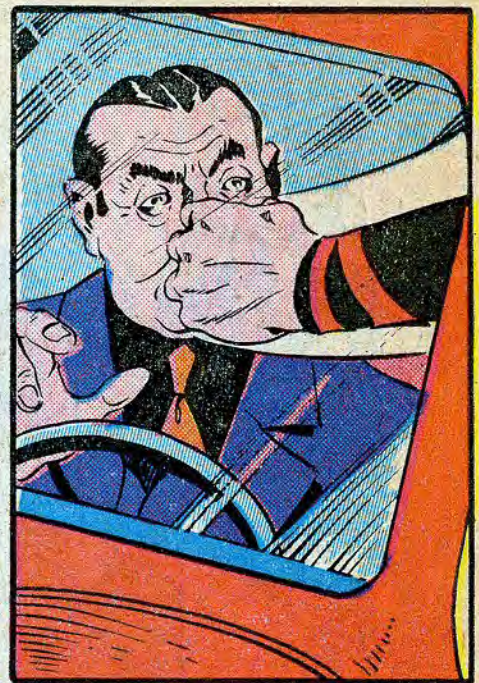
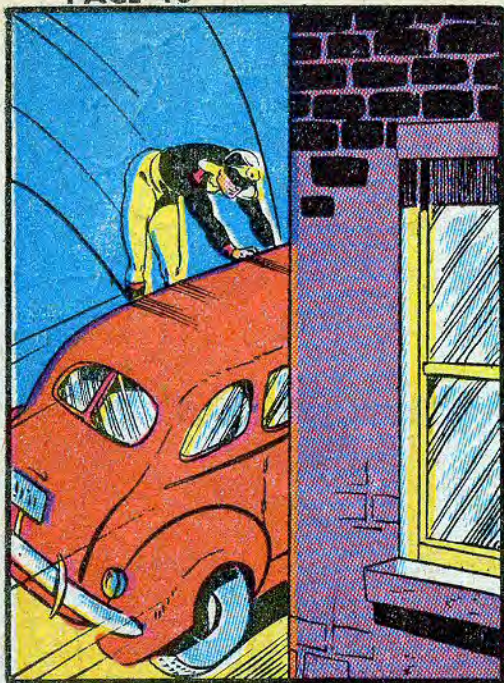


THE COAST'S CLEAR!

TAKE THIS, COPPER!



INSTANTLY, THE FEARLESS COBRA IS AFTER THEM...



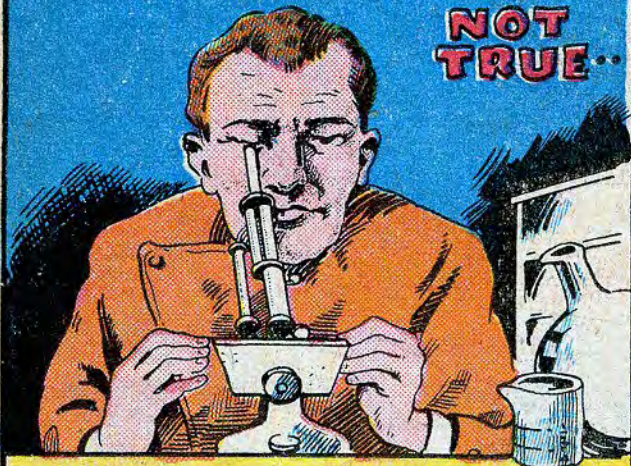
THAT NIGHT, AT THE D.A.'S HOME...

THE PROFESSOR AND HUGO ARE STILL AT LARGE...THAT MEANS MORE WORK FOR THE **BLACK COBRA** IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

IS IT TRUE?

THAT SALIVA IS NATURE'S
GERM KILLER?

**NOT
TRUE..**

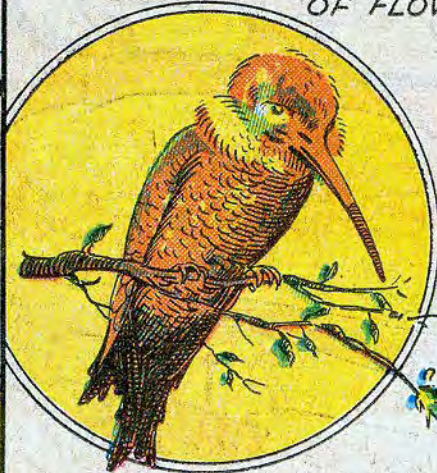


BACTERIOLOGISTS HAVE
PROVEN THAT SALIVA DOES
NOT KILL BACTERIA IN
THE MOUTH.

THAT HUMMING BIRDS
FEED ONLY ON THE HONEY
OF FLOWERS?

**NOT
TRUE..**

THEIR LONG BILL
IS TO EXPLORE
FLOWERS FOR IN-
SECTS-NOT HONEY
AND IN CAPTIVITY
THEY WILL DIE OF
STARVATION.



THAT CHIMPANZEES
LAUGH WHEN TICKLED?

TRUE..

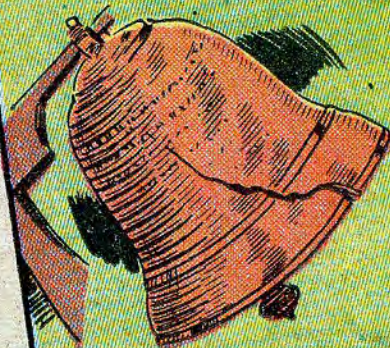


NATURALISTS
REPORT THAT
CHIMPANZEES
CAN BE MADE
TO ROAR WITH
LAUGHTER WHEN
TICKLED.

THAT THE LIBERTY BELL
CRACKED JULY 4TH 1776 WHEN
RINGING INDEPENDENCE?

**NOT
TRUE..**

THE BREAK
OCCURRED
ON JULY 8TH
1835 WHILE
TOLLING DUR-
ING THE FUN-
ERAL OF CHIEF
JUSTICE
MARSHALL.



THAT THE SPANISH MAIN
IS THE SEA OF SPAIN?

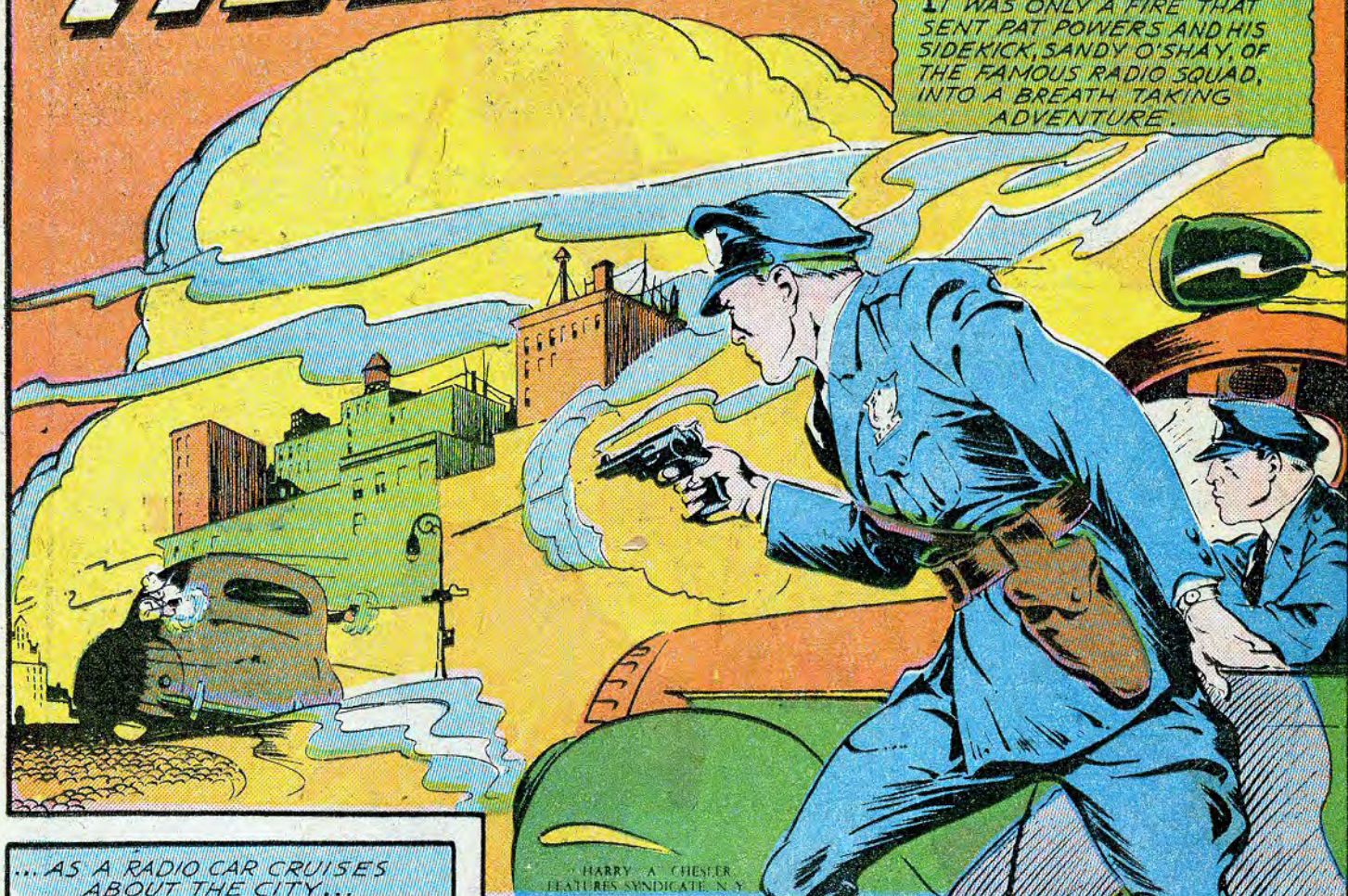
**NOT
TRUE**

THE SPANISH MAIN WAS
ORIGINALLY THE SPANISH
MAINLAND IN MEXICO, CENTRAL
AND SOUTH AMERICA.



CALLING ALL CARS

IT WAS ONLY A FIRE THAT SENT PAT POWERS AND HIS SIDEKICK, SANDY O'SHAY, OF THE FAMOUS RADIO SQUAD, INTO A BREATH TAKING ADVENTURE.



... AS A RADIO CAR CRUISES ABOUT THE CITY...

CALLING ALL CARS...
PROCEED TO
ANDERS WARE-
HOUSE NUMBER
ONE, BIG FIRE
STAND BY.....

THAT'S US, PAT...
LET'S GO!

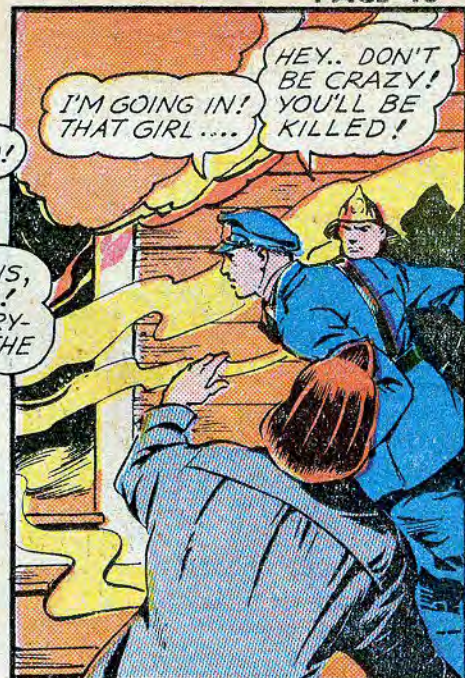


WHEW! WHAT
A BLAZE!

COME ON, SANDY...
WE'VE GOT TO
KEEP THIS CROWD
IN CHECK!



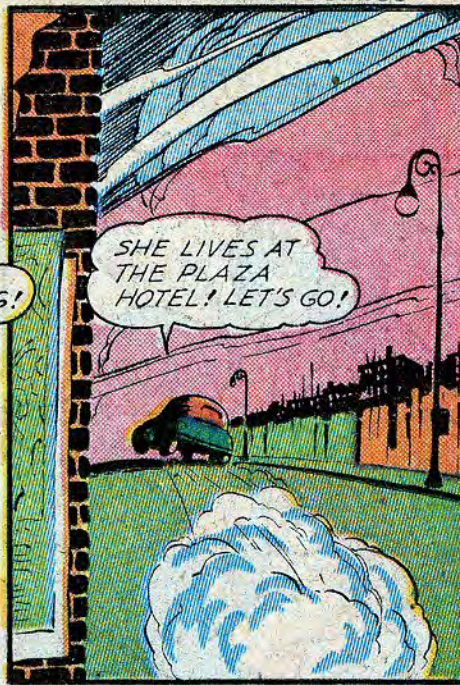
SUDDENLY, FROM A WINDOW ON THE TOP FLOOR...

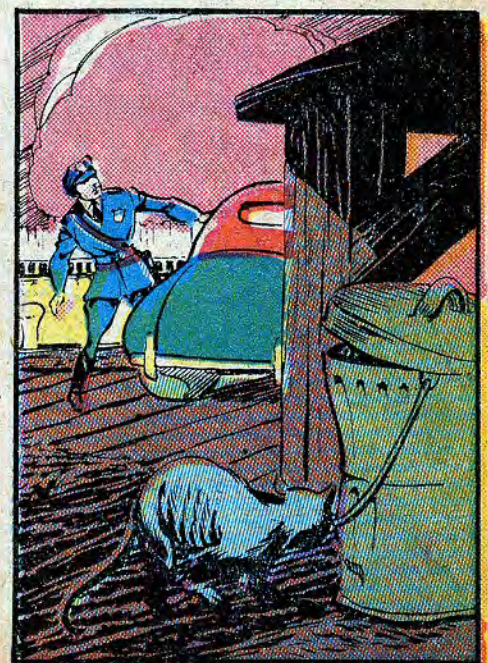
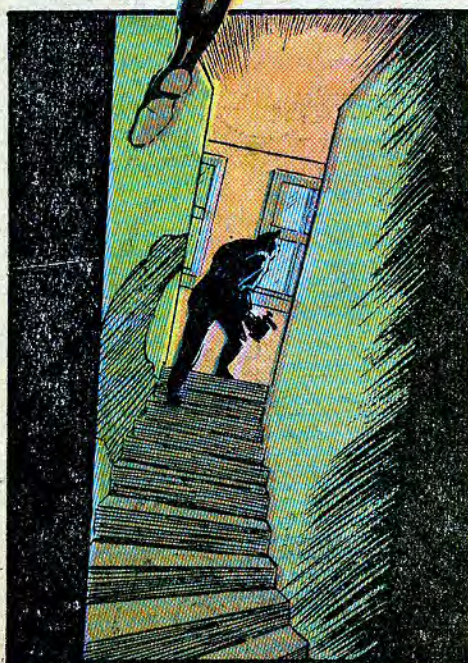
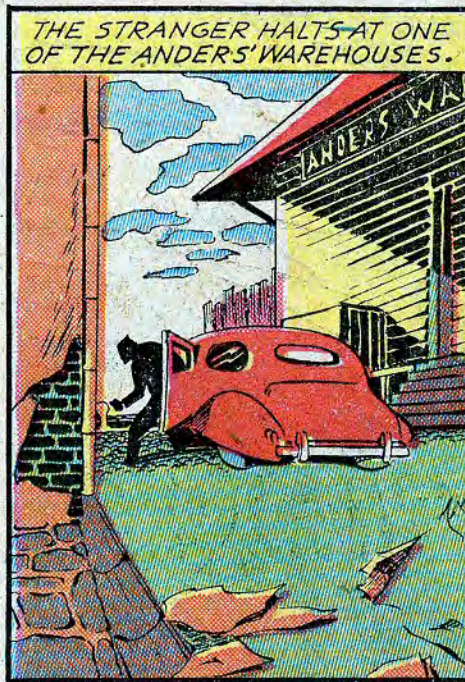
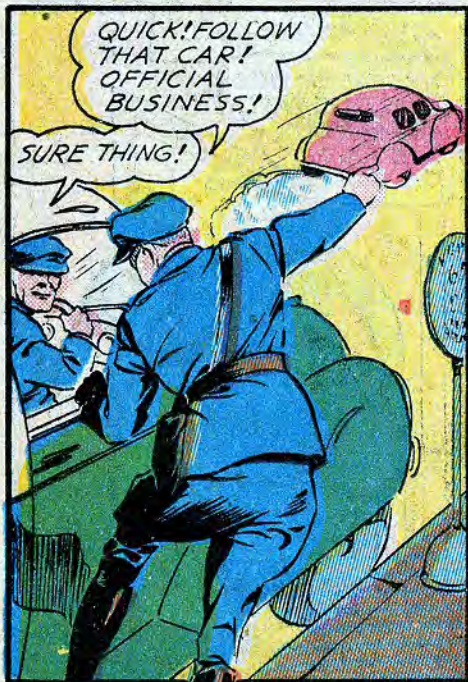


WITH STUBBORN COURAGE, PAT POWERS DASHES THROUGH A WALL OF FLAMES!





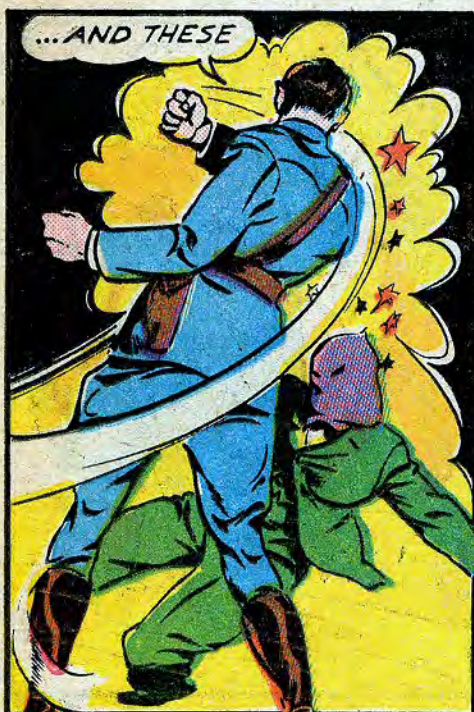




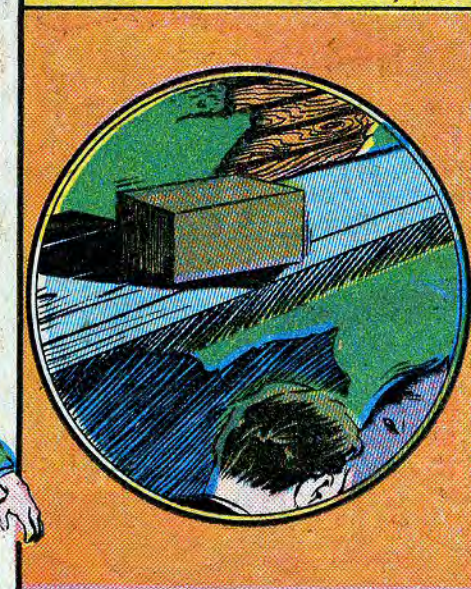
PAT POWERS ARRIVES AT THE WAREHOUSE AND....



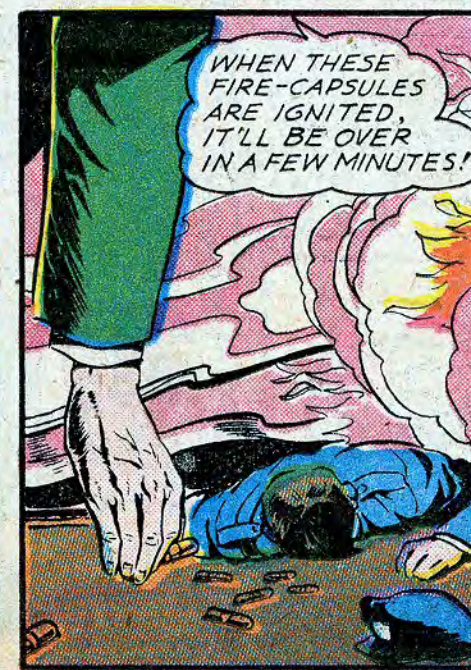
THE DARING PATROLMAN'S KEEN SENSE OF HEARING WARNS HIM OF DANGER...



AS THE MEN BATTLE, A SMALL BOX IS SHAKEN TO THE EDGE OF AN OVERHANGING SHELF, AND..

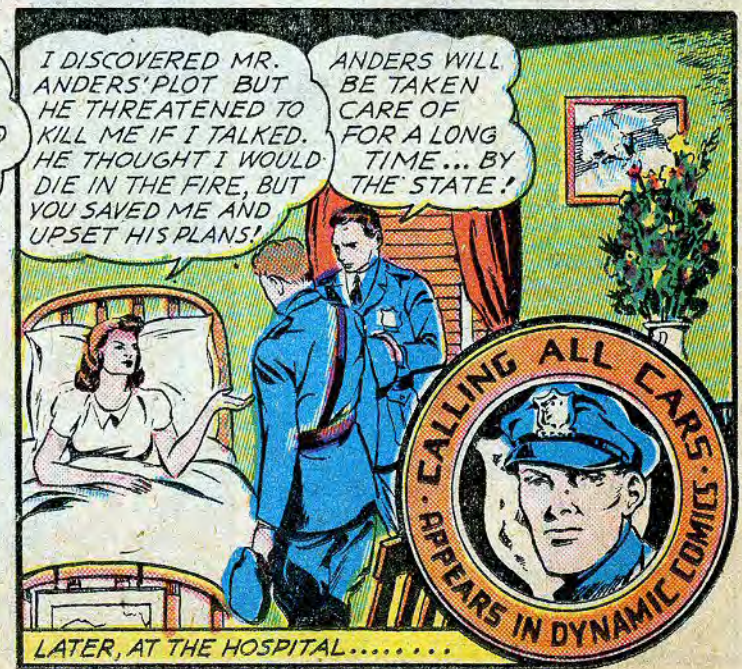
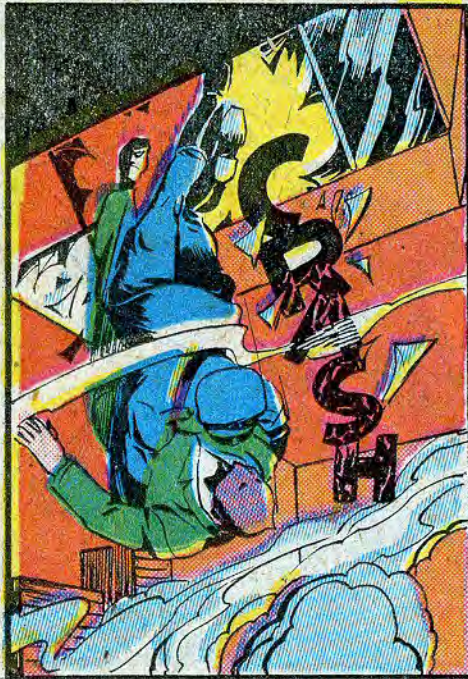
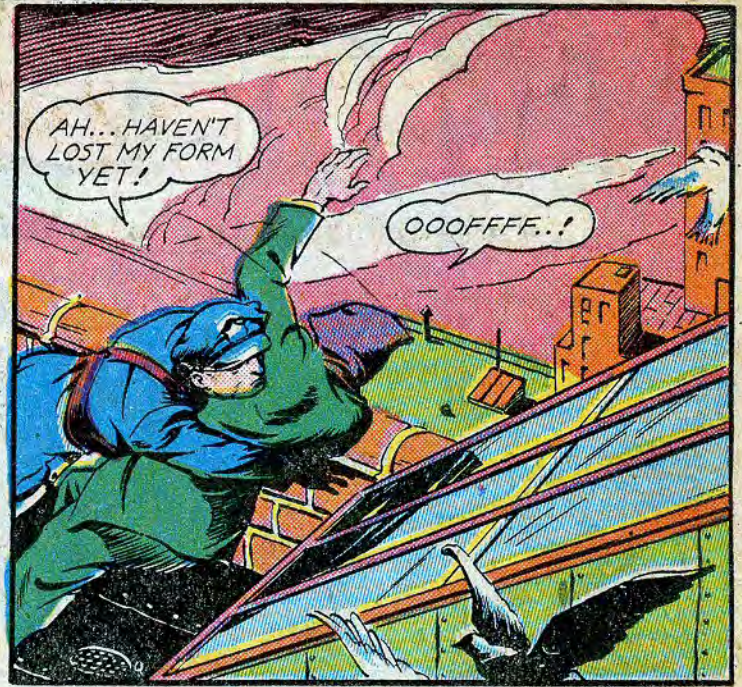


...IT FALLS STRIKING POWERS IN THE HEAD!



BUT THE FEARLESS PAT POWERS REGAINS HIS SENSES, AND...

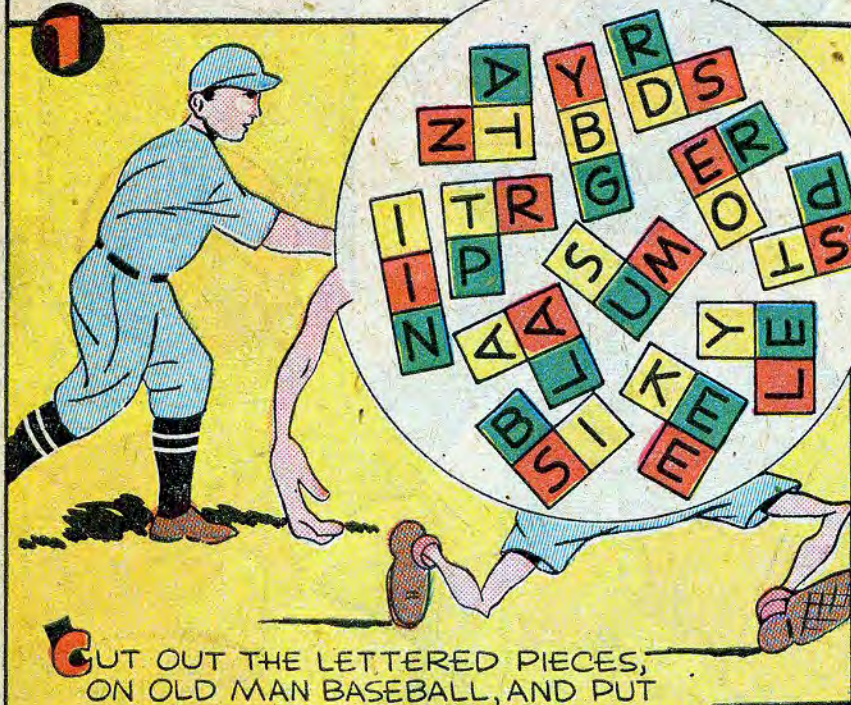




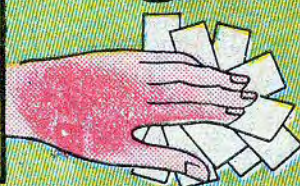
LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL.....

STICKLERS

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS.

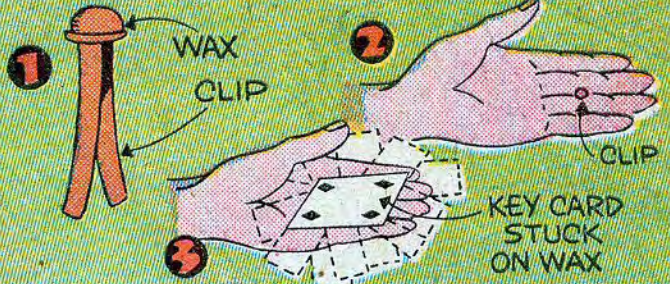


The HYPNOTIZED CARDS -

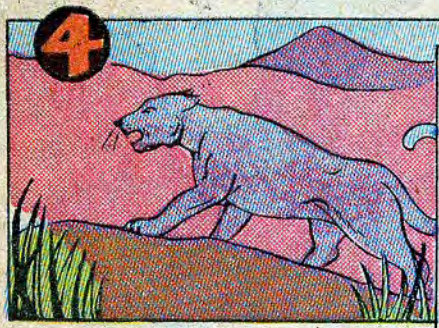


HOLDING A DOZEN CARDS—WITH YOUR HAND UPSIDE DOWN!

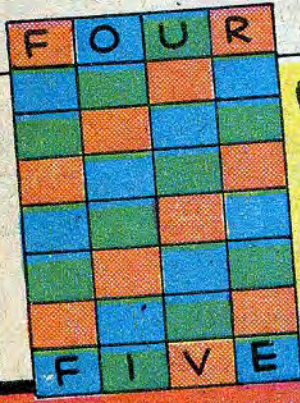
SOLUTION— PREPARE A PAPER FASTENER, AS IN FIGURE NO.1... PLACE IN HAND AS IN FIGURE NO.2 WHILE CARDS ARE BEING SELECTED.



THEN STICK "KEY" CARD TO WAX, AND GROUP REMAINING CARDS AROUND IT, AS IN FIGURE 3.



THIS **ANIMAL** HAS 4 NAMES ONE OF THEM IS PANTHER—DO YOU KNOW WHAT ITS OTHER NAMES ARE?



FOUR TO FIVE
BY CHANGING ONLY ONE LETTER AT A TIME IN EACH ROW—CAN YOU CHANGE 4 INTO 5 IN 6 CHANGES?

WHO WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE 48 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA?

WHEE! I'M NAPOLEON!



ANSWERS—
1. STRIKE, UMPIRE, STANDS, PLAYER, BATBOY, SINGLE.
2. FERRYBOAT. 3. MOUNTAIN LION, PUMA, COUGAR.
4. TAFT. 5. LION. 6. TAFT. 7. LION.

K-9

K-9

A POLICE DOG,
RUN OVER BY A
CRUEL DRIVER, IS
ADOPTED BY
TIP STARR
AND HIS
DETECTIVE BROTHER,
DICK STARR.



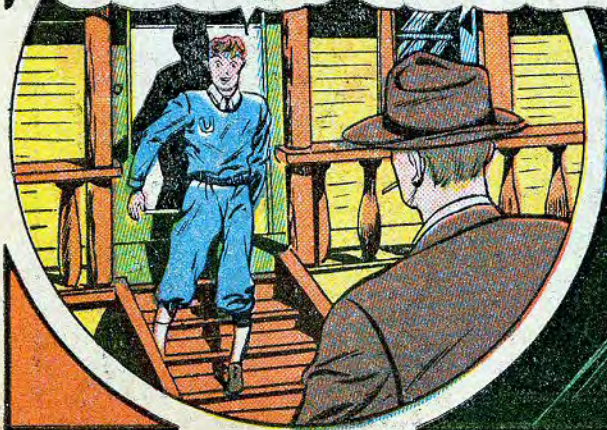
YOUNG TIP GREET'S HIS
DETECTIVE BROTHER, DICK STARR.

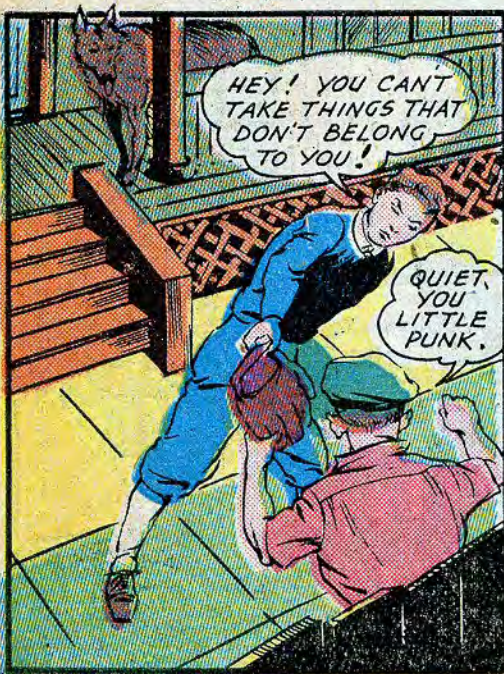
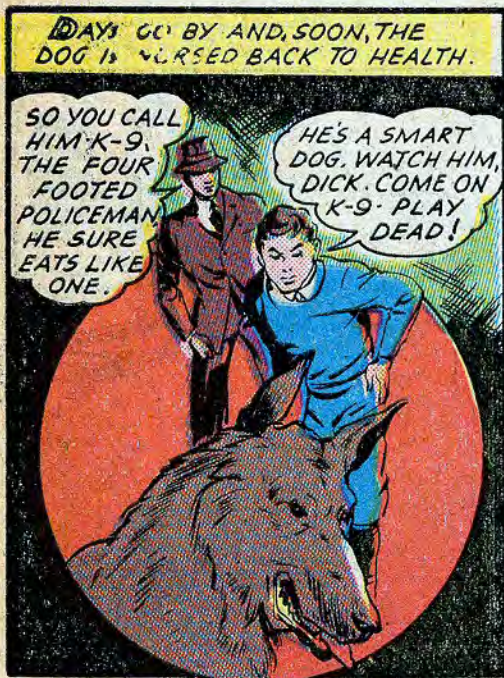
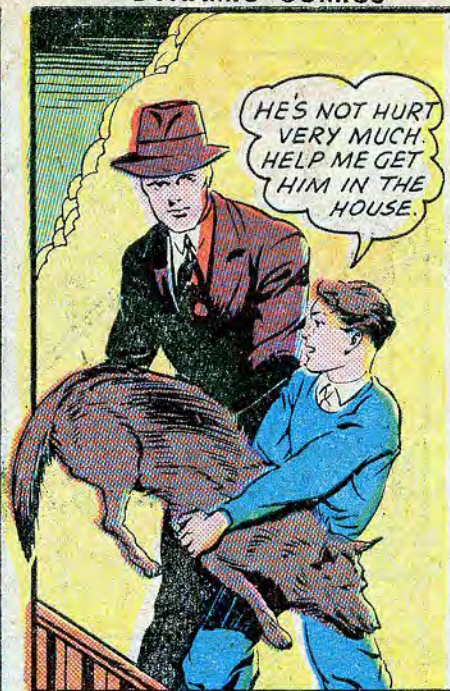
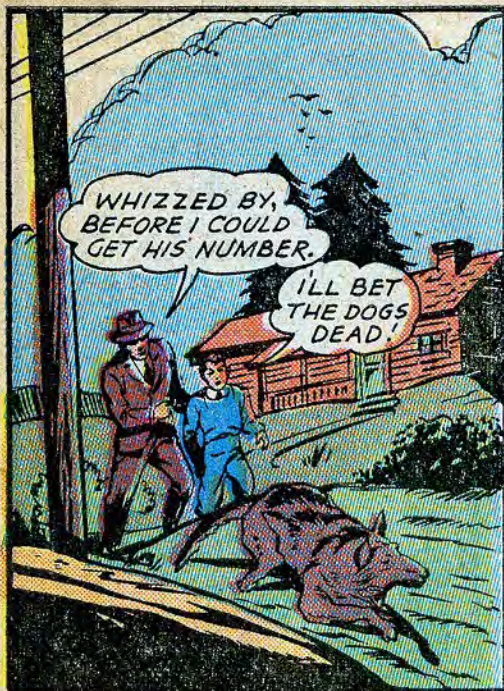
HIYA, DICK!
CATCH ANY BIG
BAD GUNMEN TO-DAY?

NOT A ONE, TIP.
I GUESS I SCARED
THEM OUT OF TOWN.

SUDDENLY...

HEY DICK, LOOKIT...
IN THE GUTTER!

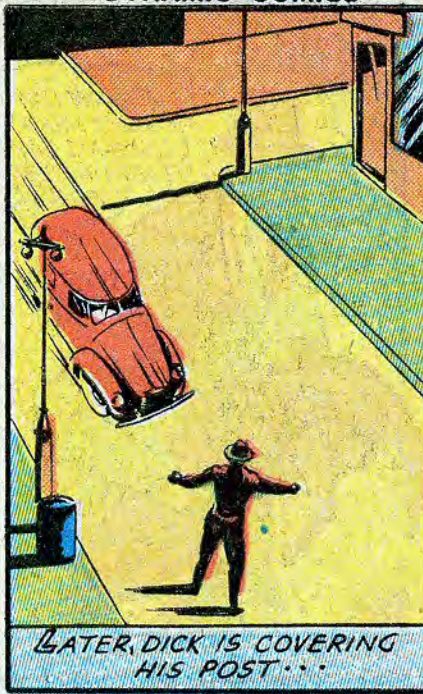
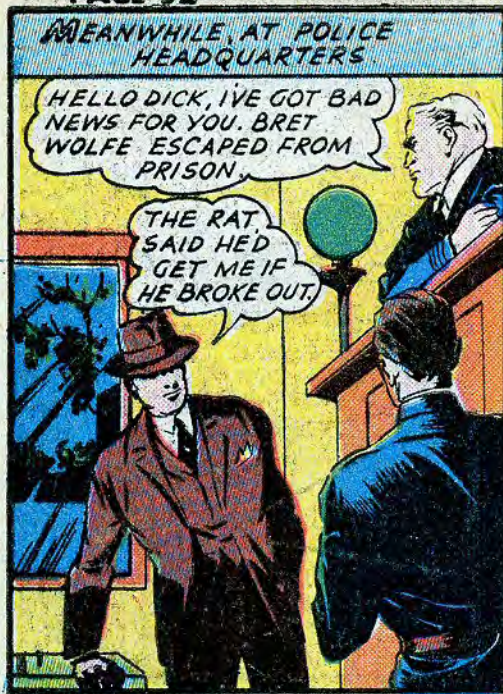




MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

HELLO DICK, I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU. BRET WOLFE ESCAPED FROM PRISON.

THE RAT SAID HED GET ME IF HE BROKE OUT.



LATER, DICK IS COVERING HIS POST...



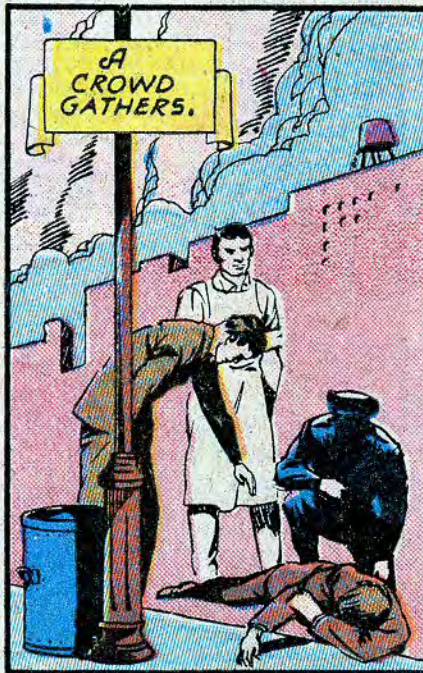
HEY! COPPER.

WHO ME?



I SAID I'D GET YOU, COPPER!

BRET WOLFE...OW-W



A CROWD GATHERS.



THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES...

YOU'RE A LUCKY STIFF ALRIGHT. JUST A FLESH WOUND NEAR THE EYE.

THANK YOU, DOC. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.

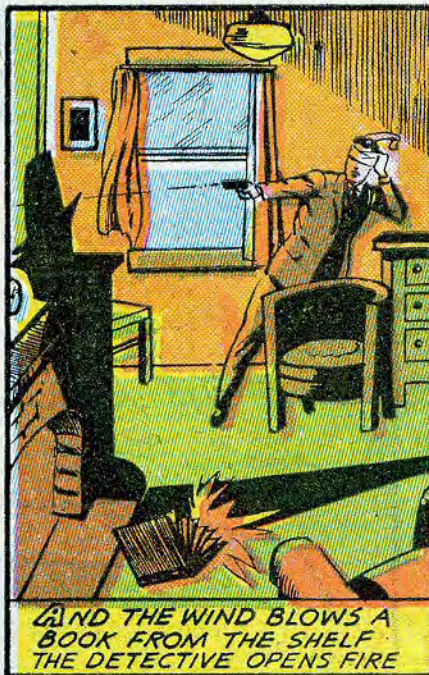


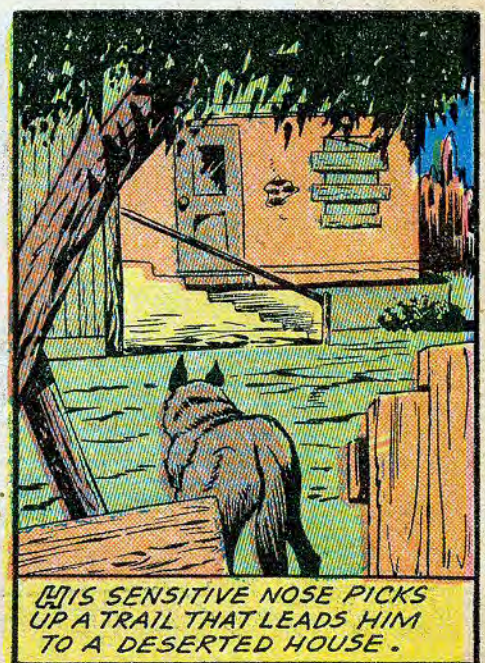
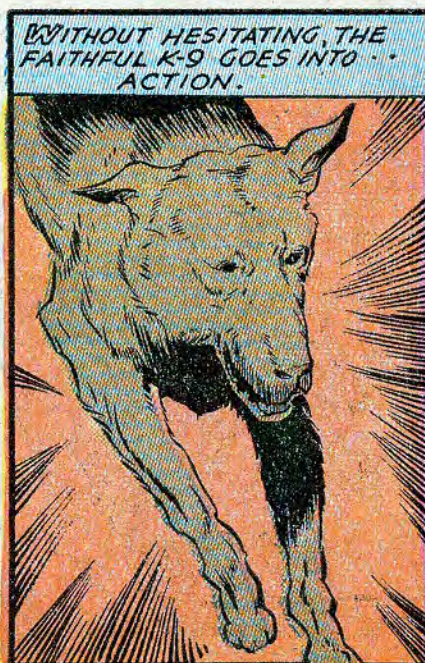
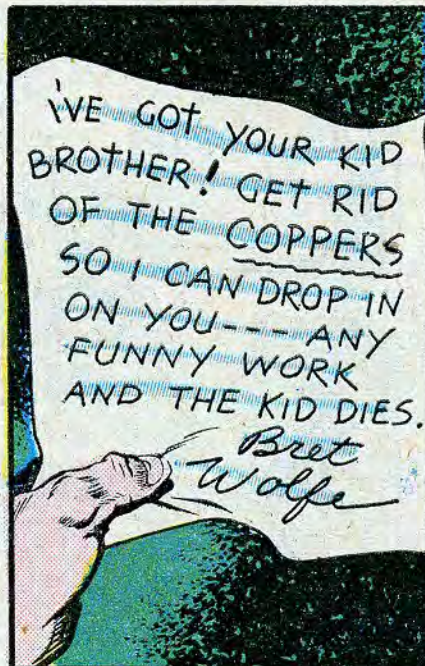
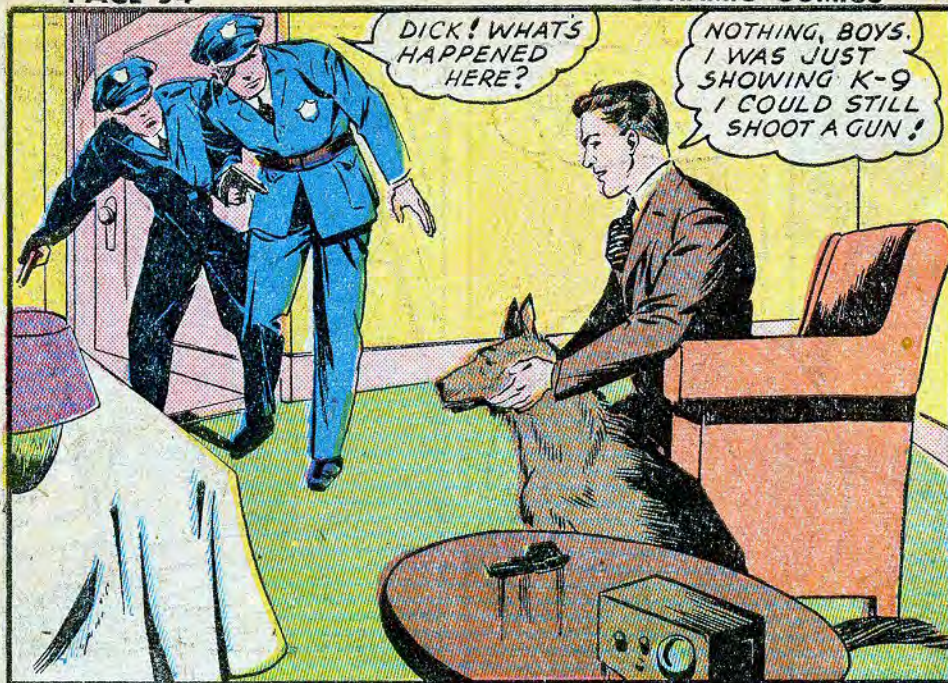
A FRIGHTENED TIP MEETS DICK AT THE HOUSE

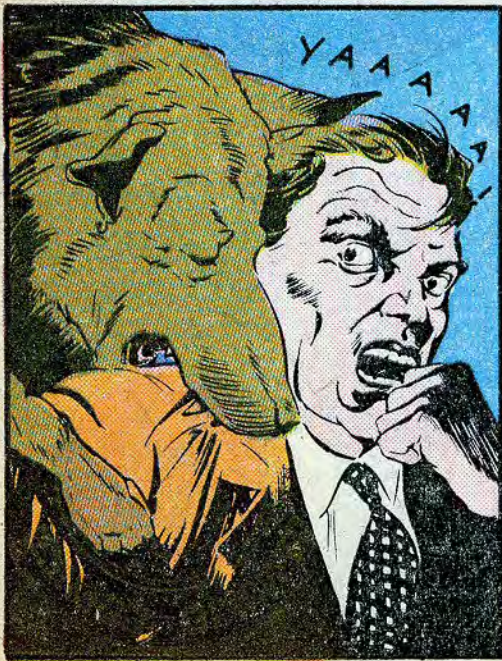
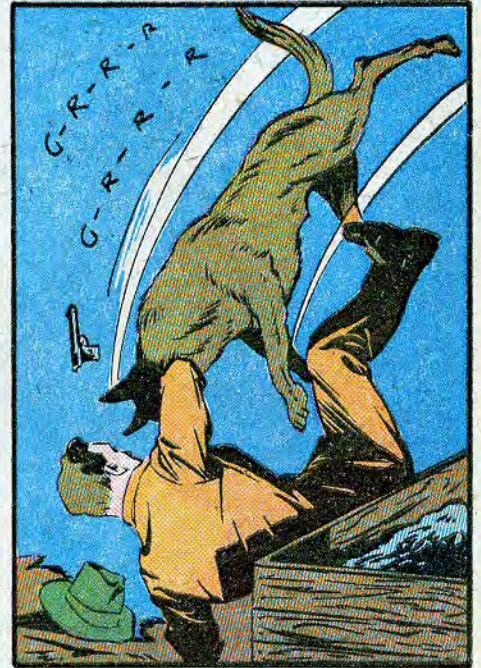
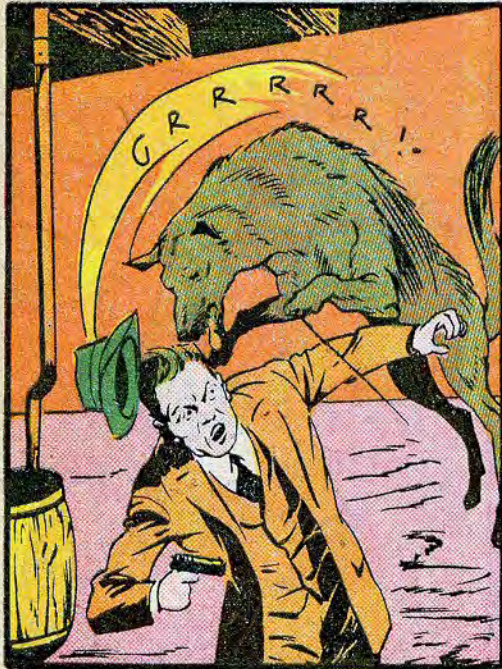
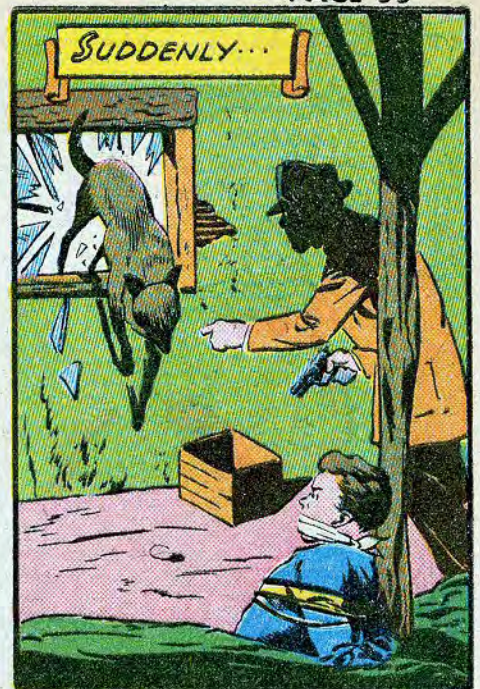
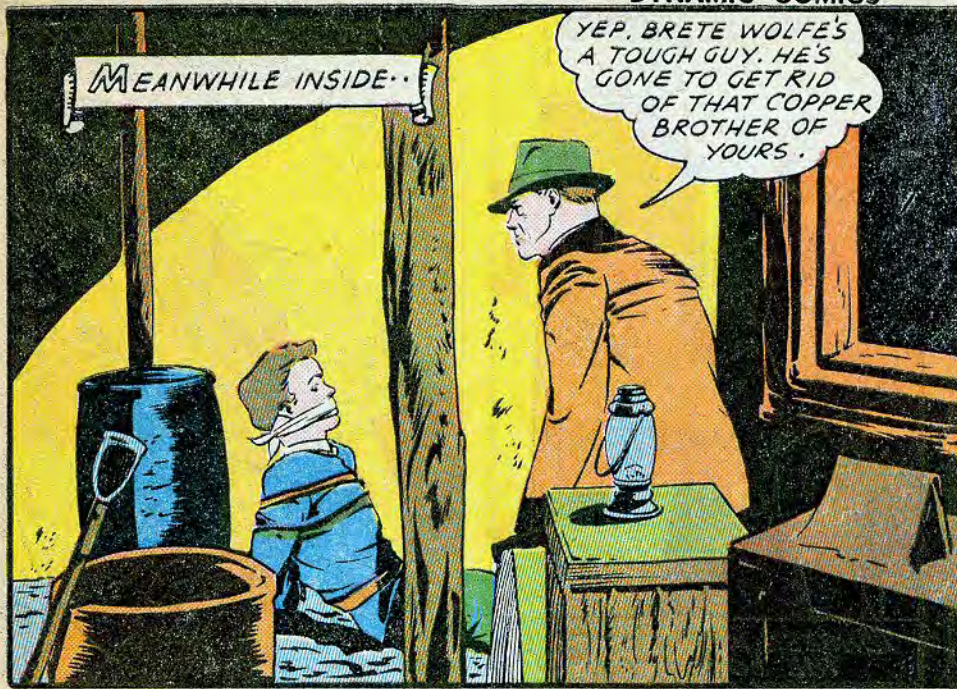
IT'S NOTHING, TIP. SOME OF BRET WOLFE'S DIRTY WORK. HELP ME TO THE HOUSE.



THE DIRTY RAT TRIED TO MURDER DICK. BOY, OH BOY, IF WE GET OUR HANDS ON HIM, WE'LL MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE LAST MONTH'S HAMBURGERS!







MEANWHILE, IN THE
DETECTIVE'S HOUSE...

SO YOU SENT
ME UP FOR LIFE, EH?
IT DIDN'T WORK,
COPPER AND IN
ANOTHER SECOND, I'LL
PUT YOU AWAY FOR LIFE!

OKAY, COPPER.
TIGHTEN UP
YOUR BELLY-
BAND, HERE
COMES A SLUG!

UNSEEN, K-9 FORCES
THE DOOR OPEN.

THEN K-9 LEAPS INTO
ACTION...

WHAT
THE?

THERE,
THAT'LL FIX
YOU!

AND
NOW YOU,
MUTT!

HEY WOLFE.
HERE'S SOMETHING
FOR YOU.

NICE
SHOT!

WE'VE GOT YOU BRET
WOLFE. GOOD THING
TIP WARNED US
IN TIME.

HE'S
ALRIGHT,
JUST
WINDED.

K-9, YOU ARE NOW
A MEMBER OF
THE POLICE
FORCE.

OUR
MEN
ARE
PROUD
OF HIM!

I'LL BET
HE'LL BE
THE BEST
POLICE-
MAN AT
THAT.

AT THE POLICE CEREMONIES,
K-9 IS AWARDED A MEDAL.





"As a cub reporter you're a failure, Kent! Either do something valuable for the paper or quit!"

Ray Kent was glad to leave his chief's office; a strong odor pervaded the room from Burns' cigar. The gruff Editor had once fired a reporter who made the mistake of joking about his cigars.

... Later, young Kent was having a snack in the small lunch-room near the office. Suddenly, one of the other cub reporters rushed in.

"Have you heard what happened?" he asked excitedly. "Old Burns was kidnapped while on his way to lunch!"

"Wow! Who'd want to do that to Burns and what for?" Kent questioned himself. "I think a look at the files upstairs won't hurt," he thought to himself.

The young reporter rushed to the file room of the Daily Star. He busied himself glancing through the past issues of the newspaper. Suddenly, he let out a yell! He found it! It was a daring expose of one of the city's most notorious "protection" racketeers, Louis Nelson! He knew Nelson owned the Blue Paradise Cafe, so he dashed out into a taxi.

In the Cafe, Kent entered a door marked "Private."

"Well?" Nelson's voice queried from behind the polished desk.

"I'm from the Daily Star," the reporter answered, "and I've a hunch you can tell me something about our missing Editor, Charley Burns. How about it?"

Nelson smiled. "Now, what makes you think I know anything about Mr. Burns?"

Kent stopped short. The burly Cafe owner had him there. The expose story run by Burns certainly was not reason enough for Nelson to resort to kidnapping, especially when the alleged racketeer had beaten the case in court. Kent hoped to trap Nelson with the kidnapping of the Editor that might have lead to the uncovering of the protection evidence. But how?

Kent began wondering if he wasn't wrong after all! Nelson walked to a door at the corner of the room. He opened it slightly, then turned to the puzzled young journalist.

"Drop in again sometime. I'm always glad to see the gentlemen of the press," he said slyly.

A single thought rushed through the mind of the reporter. Suddenly, he whipped out a gun and turned to Nelson and commanded curtly, "Raise 'em high and walk through that door—and no funny work!"

Kent followed the astonished racketeer into the back room. There was Charley Burns, Editor of the Daily Star, bound and gagged.

The reporter released his chief.

"Good work, Kent!" Burns shouted, as he chewed his black cigar. "Nelson was going to take me 'for a ride' after this smoke. Seems the expose on the protection racket had him going—with this, kidnapping will be added to his fine record!"

... There was an uproar in the newspaper office when the trio entered. Two policemen promptly took charge of the scowling Cafe owner.

As the prisoner was marched off, Burns turned to his cub reporter. "Whatever made you realize I was in that back room?" he laughed.

Kent laughed. "Well, it was this way," he began, "when Nelson opened the door, I saw smoke through the doorway . . . then came that odor, which I knew comes only from those black cigars you smoke!"

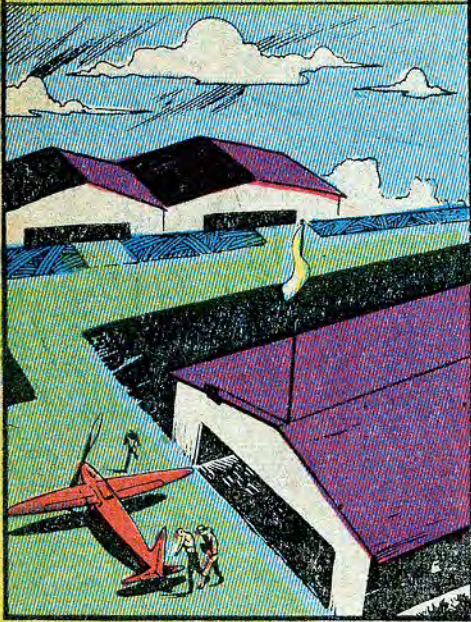
"You're off the cub list, Kent," Burns broke in, "you're as good a reporter as any!" With that, he took out another black cigar and kissed it before putting it into his mouth.

—THE END—



SERGEANT BELL, CRACK AMERICAN ACE
AND FLIGHT SERGEANT WITH THE
BRITISH EGYPTIAN FORCES, TAKES ON AN
ASSIGNMENT THAT MAKES HIM WORTHY OF
THE NAME... THE R.A.F. DEMON.

AT A SECRET R.A.F. BASE
IN ANGLO EGYPT.



SERGEANT!
LOOK UP THERE!

WELL I'LL
BE...

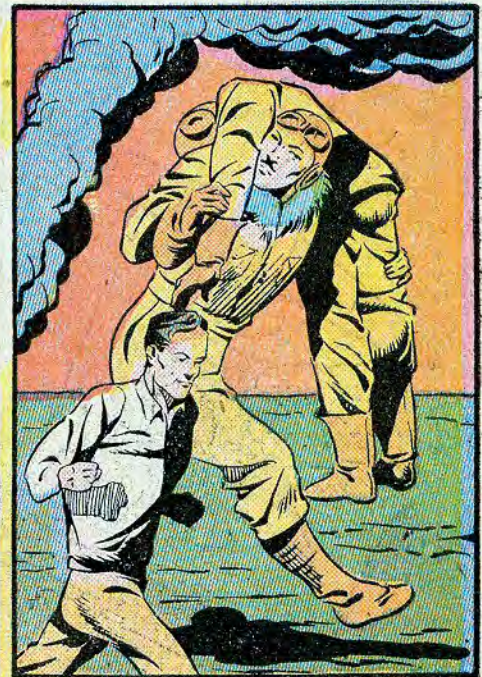


A SCOUTING
SHIP! C'MON, MAY-
BE WE CAN SAVE
THE PILOT?

WITHOUT HESITATION, THE AMER-
ICAN ACE CHARGES INTO THE
BURNING WRECKAGE.



POOR CHAP,
I HOPE HE ISN'T
DONE FOR?



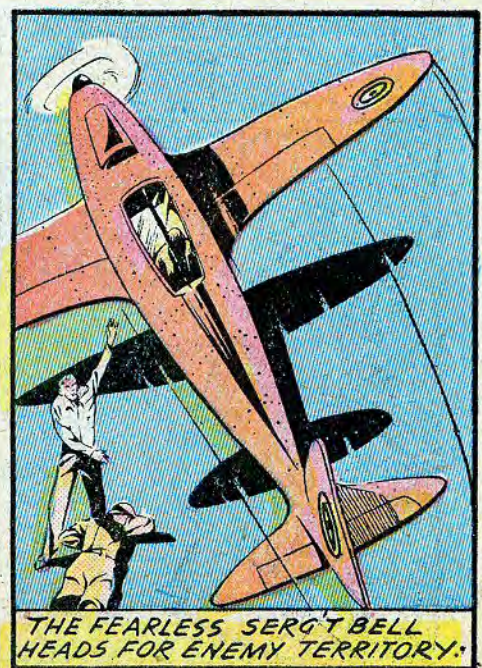
STEADY, FELLA--
YOUR IN SAFE
HANDS.

TROOP
MOVEMENTS--
STRAIGHT A-
HEAD--LOOK
LIKE NAZIS



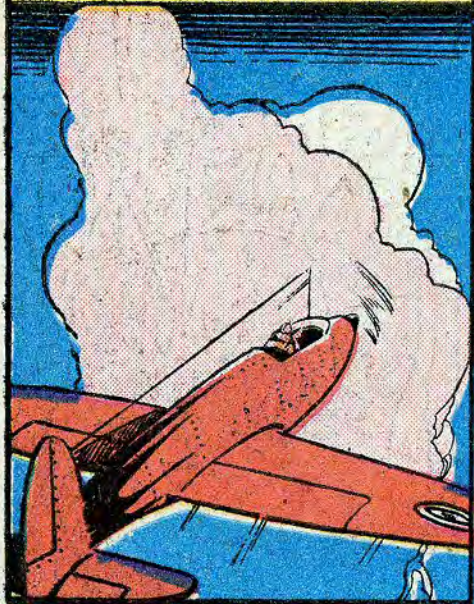
GET THAT FELLOW TO A HOSPIT-
AL, QUICK! I'M GOING TO SCOUT
AROUND. ORDER THE
PATROL SQUAD UP
IN AN HOUR

YES,
SIR!

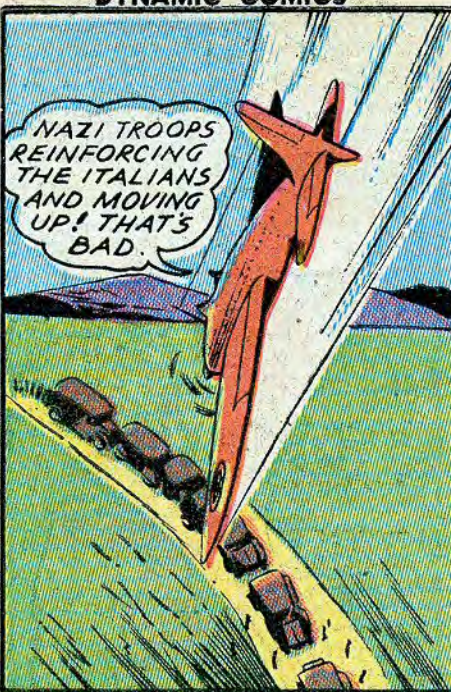


THE FEARLESS SERGT BELL
HEADS FOR ENEMY TERRITORY.

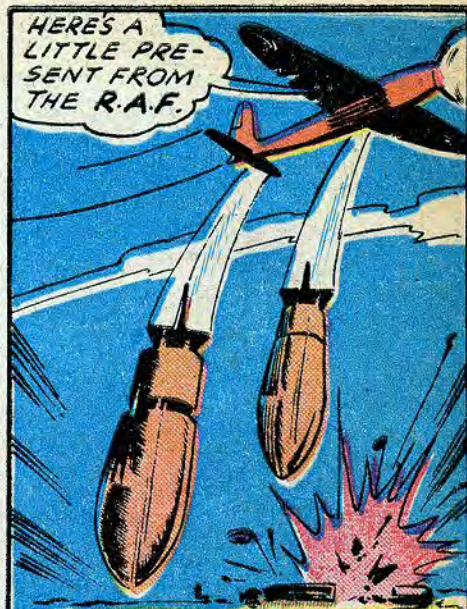
SOARING HIGH OVER THE CLOUDS, THE FEARLESS BELL REACHES ENEMY TERRITORY.



NAZI TROOPS REINFORCING THE ITALIANS AND MOVING UP! THAT'S BAD.



HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FROM THE R.A.F.



CLIMBING SKYWARD THE YANKEE FLYER RELEASES HIS BOMBS

BUT HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HIM IS AN ENEMY PLANE.

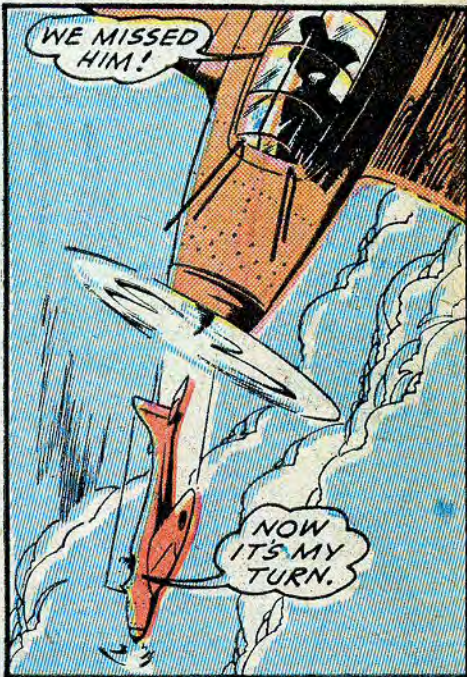


AW, AW, A HEINIE!

THAT OPENS FIRE...

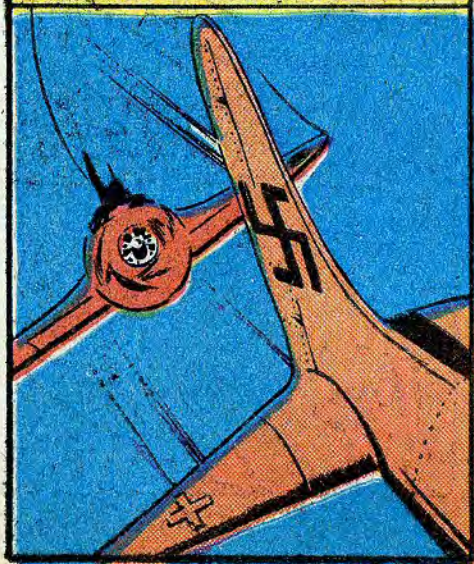


WE MISSED HIM!



NOW IT'S MY TURN.

COMING OUT OF AN IMMELMAN, THE ACE OPENS FIRE WITH THE MACHINE GUNS IN THE WINGS OF HIS PLANE.



SO LONG, CHUMP.

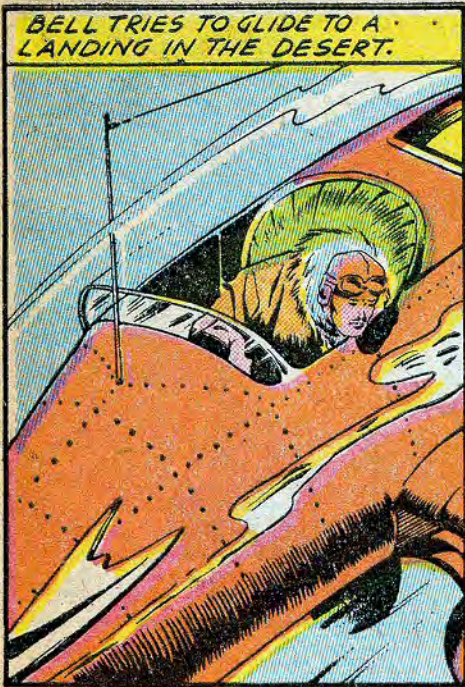


A SHELL HITS BELL'S PROPELLER... TEARING IT AWAY.

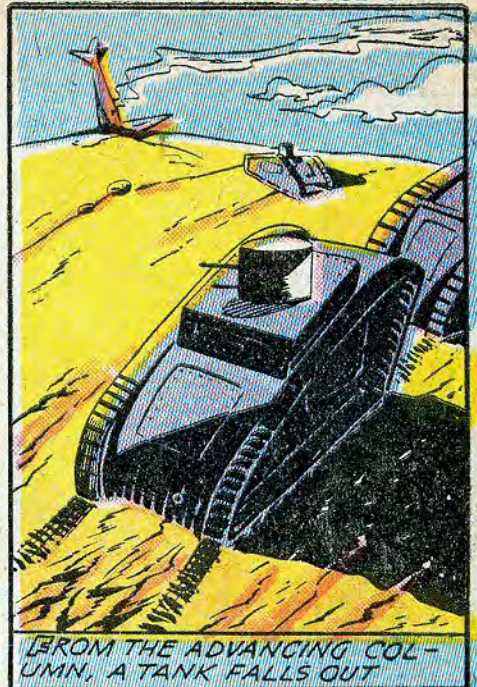
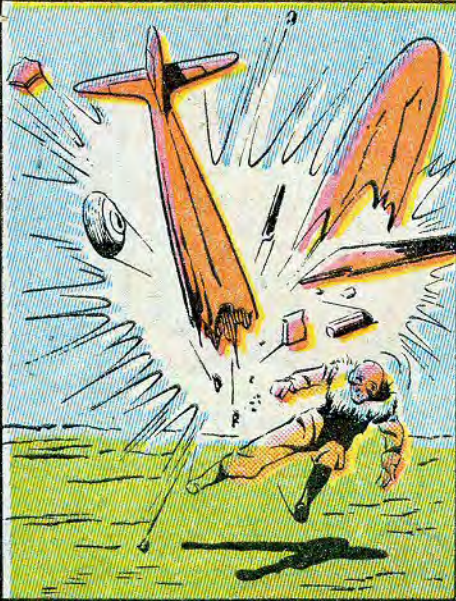
OH, OH! THERE GOES THE PROPELLER!



BELL TRIES TO GLIDE TO A LANDING IN THE DESERT.



BUT THE PLANE LANDS NOSE UP THROWING THE AMERICAN SEVERAL FEET AWAY.



FROM THE ADVANCING COLUMN, A TANK FALLS OUT



IT'S THE PILOT!
LET'S HAVE
A LOOK AT
HIM!



THEN I WILL
MAKE SURE HE'S
DEAD-- THIS
BAYONET
WILL...

THERE
IS NOTHING
ON HIM!



BUT SUDDENLY



THIS WILL
TAKE...

OH! NO
YOU DON'T

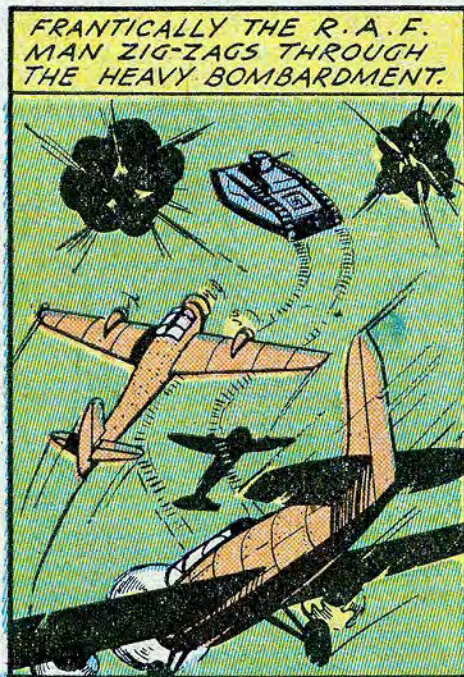
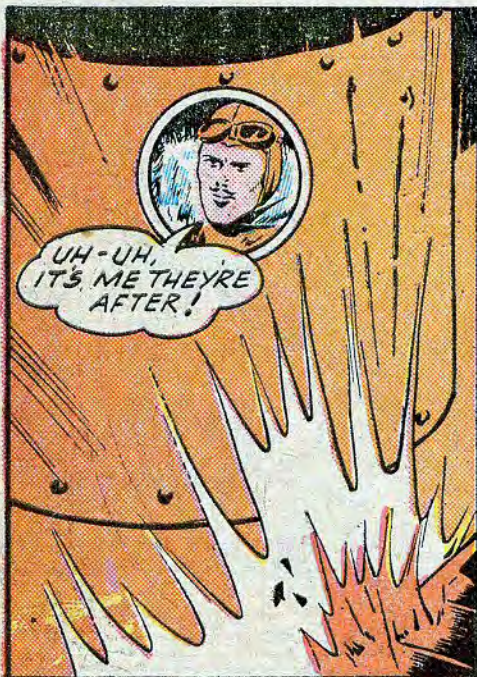
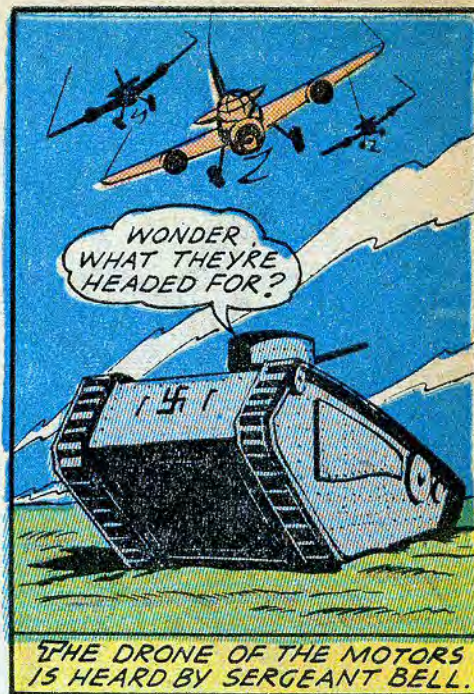
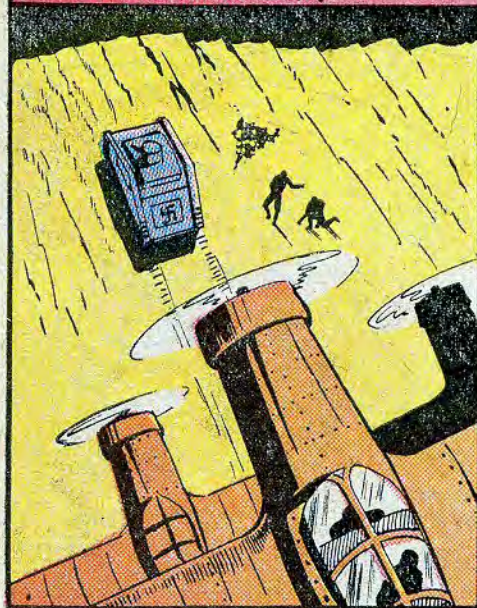


BULL'S
EYE!

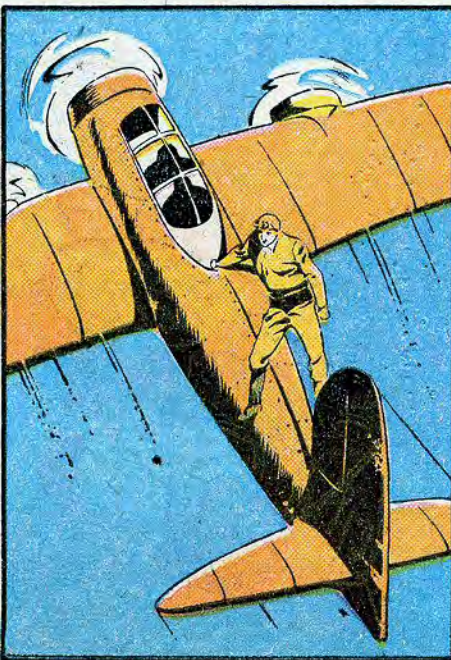
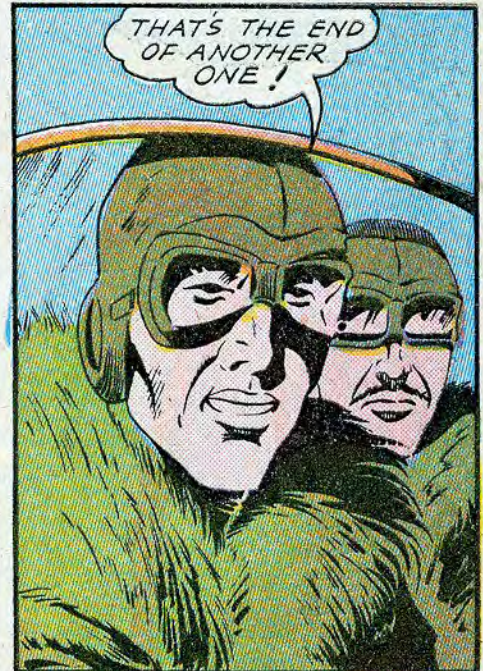
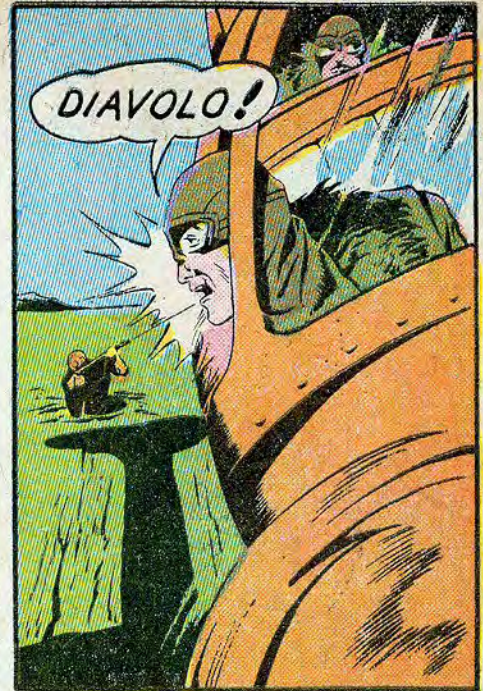
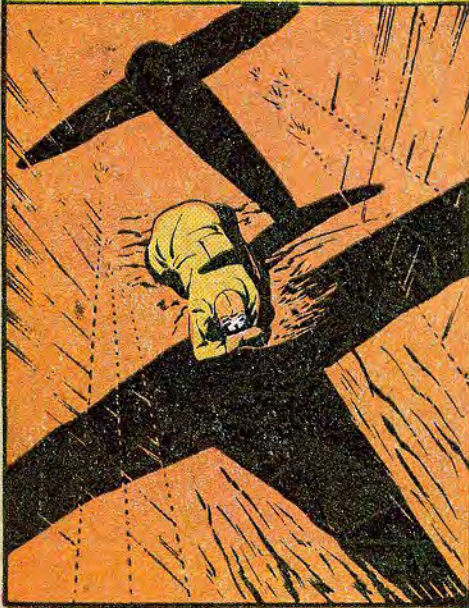


I'LL TAKE THIS
TANK AND SEE
IF I CAN GET
BACK TO
BRITISH
TERRITORY.

BUT AS SERGEANT BELL RIDES OFF, A TRIO OF BOMBERS APPEAR



DIVING AGAIN, THE PLANES
RAKE THE EARTH WITH MACH-
INE GUN FIRE.





Absolutely FREE!

Special to the readers of **THIS MAGAZINE**

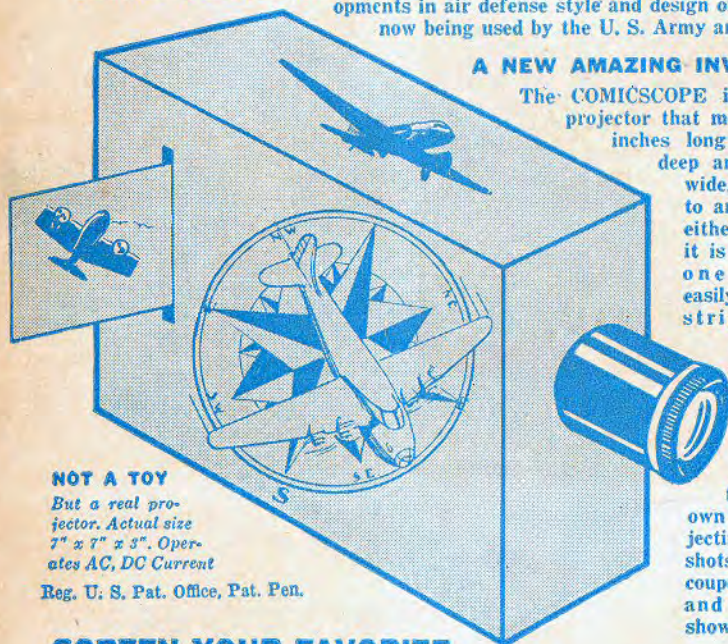
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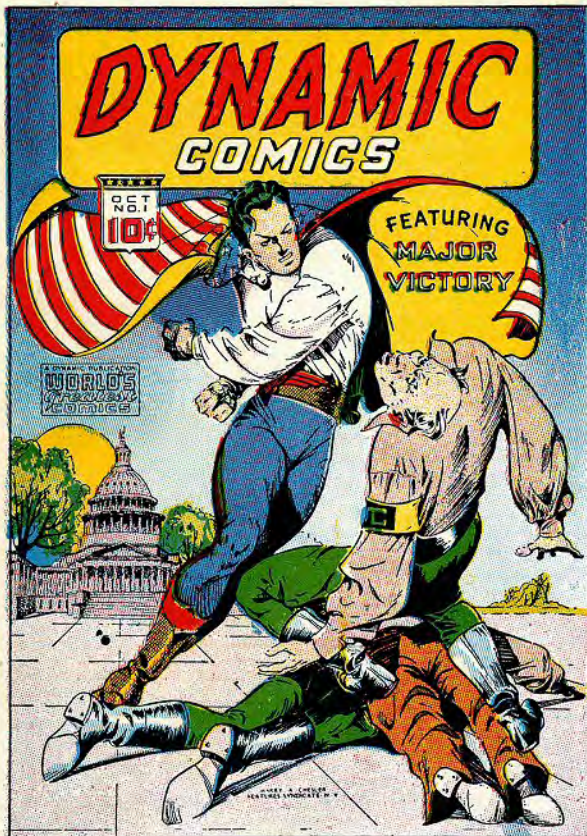
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